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## Original Pictures of Life.

# THE PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY," "DAVID HUNT," ETC., ETC.

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CONTINUED.

### CHAPTER VII.

In his dusty web the spider lay—
All bloated and black was he,
And he watched his victim pass that way,
With a quiver of horrid glee!

A few mornings before the little birth-day party, described in our last chapter, two men were seen to enter the Mayor's Office, accompanied by the Alderman of the Nineteenth Ward. The Mayor was alone in his private room, and the Alderman left his two companions in the outer office while he held a moment's private conversation with his honor. There was a sort of boisterous exultation in the Alderman's manner, which rather displeased the Mayor, who looked upon the exhibition of any feeling as a weakness, but he received his friend with his usual bland smile, and requested him to be seated.

The Alderman drew his leathern cushioned seat close to the Mayor, and laid his broad red hand on his honor's knee.

"They are here—both the witnesses are here ready to enter a complaint—I told you they were just the men to nail this Chester!"

"Here!" said the Mayor, "my friend—my good fellow—you should not have brought the witnesses here. In all those doubtful cases—do you understand?—I never receive a direct complaint. It must come through the Chief of Police. This one especially. He must call upon me officially to act!"

"The chief!" exclaimed the Alderman, in dismay, "why Chester is one of his especial pets. It will never do to entrust the business with him."

"Oh, have no fear. His duty forces him to present the complaint, once entered before him. Farther than that, he has no power, no voice in the matter. It rests by law with the Mayor alone. He is judge—juror. He is the law in these cases, you know."

"Then you think we may venture the case with the chief?" said the Alderman, still doubtful. "He will do all in his power to save Chester, I am certain."

"But he has no power! He has no right even to hear the evidence, unless I desire it. His interference is a mere form—but it has a good appearance—half these fellows know nothing about the law, and when we break them it casts some of the odium on him. It gives him an appearance of responsibility, but not a particle of power. Take your witnesses to the chief—to the chief, my dear fellow, and leave the rest to me—to the law."

And so the Alderman of the Nineteenth joined his witnesses, and went to the chief's office. And from that office, twenty-four hours after, was sent the letter which Chester received on the night of his birth-day.

The trial day came. Within the railing of the chief's office sat his honor, the Mayor, calmly shaving down the point of a pencil, which he tried from time to time on a sheet of paper that lay on the desk before him. At his elbow was the clerk, with a quire of foolscap neatly arranged, and holding a pen idly in his hand. In a little room back of the office sat the Chief of Police—his portly person filling the circumference of a comfortable office chair, and his jovial, good humored countenance somewhat clouded with anxiety for the fate of the noble young man on trial, for he had learned both to love and respect the accused. His presence was evidently annoying to his honor, who dreaded the shrewd observation, the keen knowledge of men and things which so admirably fitted the chief for his position. He would rather have encountered the whole bar of New York, than the keen, but apparently careless scrutiny of this one man. But there sat the chief just within the shadow of his private closet, his richly wrought star of office glittering on his broad sheet, and linked to his garments by a chain of massive gold—the walls behind him garnished with heavy oaken clubs, highly polished hand cuffs and iron shackles, with various other grim ensigns of his office; and there the chief seemed determined to remain during the whole of that iniquitous trial. In vain the Mayor moved restlessly in his chair. In vain he turned his cold and repelling look toward the immovable chief. You might have seen a covert smile now and then gleam in the eyes of that obstinate functionary, but otherwise he seemed profoundly unconscious that his presence was in the least disagreeable. The Mayor did not venture upon the unprecedented step of requiring him to withdraw, so after a good deal of meaningless delay the trial went on.

Chester stood without the railing which encircled the Mayor and his clerk. His air was firm, his countenance calm, and almost haughty. He seemed to await the proceedings with quiet indignation. Behind him stood the two men whom he had followed from the liquor store on the night of his fall, and in a corner of the office sat Jones, the liquor dealer, and two or three persons entirely unknown to Chester.

The Mayor lifted his eyes, but they glanced beyond Chester. With all his coolness he had not the nerve to look directly into the proud and searching eyes bent so calmly on him.

"Is your counsel here, Mr. Chester?" inquired his honor.

"I am here, needing no other counsel, if I am to have a fair trial," replied Chester, firmly.

"I hope you do not doubt that your trial will be a fair one!" said the Mayor, sharpening his pencil afresh, for he wanted some occupation for his eyes.

Chester smiled, and in his smile there was so much reproachful scorn, that the Mayor felt it without turning his glance that way.

"I am waiting," said Chester, "I am waiting for proof of the charges that have been preferred against me!"

Then, at a sign from the Mayor, came forth the man Smith, and they placed him under oath.—Chester's eyes were upon him, as he touched the book, and the man turned visibly pale. But in his false oath—for the man perjured himself in the first sentence—he gained more courage. "Chester," he said, "had entered the liquor store, where he and his friend—" here the man pointed to his accomplice, "were quietly passing an hour before going to fulfil an engagement. Here he spent perhaps half an hour, drinking brandy-and-water, by the stove. They had noticed him particularly, knowing it to be against the law for policemen to indulge in drinking while on duty. The witness went out with his companion, leaving Chester by the stove, evidently much affected by what he had drunk. As he and his companion stood beneath an old tree, that grew in front of the liquor store, Chester came forth, reeling in his walk, and after a vain effort to maintain his foothold, fell upon the pavement, wholly intoxicated. Several other persons saw him in this position, but the witness and his friend had led him home, consigning him only to the care of his wife."

It was a plausible perjury, and several innocent persons came forward to strengthen it. They had seen Chester down upon the earth—they had been told that he was intoxicated, and so in good faith, and with no intention of wrong, they corroborated the treacherous story that was to destroy a good name.

Chester stood by as this story was artfully strengthened by the sweet-toned and subtle questions of the Mayor. His face was very pale, and he trembled from head to foot with honest and stern anger—nay, he felt something of horror, something unselfish, in the sum of cold-blooded craft, and unflinching perjury that had been brought to bear upon him. There was something sublime in his pale silence, as he allowed witness after witness to pass from the box unchallenged—unquestioned. And all this foul perjury the clerk registered down, and the Alderman of the Nineteenth Ward stood by to hear.

Then Chester was called upon for his defence. He stood upright grasping the railing with his right hand, his voice was low and deep-toned as a bell, it made the Mayor start with its clear, searching accents. He told the truth, the simple, natural truth, as it has been given to the reader, but with an eloquence, an energy which the pen has no power to describe.

"That man," he said, turning as he stood, and pointing his finger at the perjured Smith, "that man—let him step forward and tell the story he has sworn to, with his face lifted to mine, eye to eye, with the man he accuses. If he can do this I ask no other defence. Let him say who it is that has instigated him to heap this foul wrong upon an innocent man, what is to be his reward—whose deeper and more subtle enmity he is working out! Let him but speak of these things with his eye looking into mine and I am content."

The craven thus addressed did look in Chester's eyes as a bird gazes upon the eye of a serpent, he could not look elsewhere—his face, his very mouth were white, he trembled from head to foot—conscience tugging at his evil heart had well nigh dragged forth the truth, but the cold low voice of the Mayor drove it back again even from his pallid lips.

"The witness has told his story under oath—others have substantiated it. You should have questioned him then. There is no reason why he should undergo a second examination."

This speech had its desired effect. Smith drew a deep breath, and putting on an air of dogged bravado, looked round at his companions like a mastiff who had been just rescued from a fight that threatened to destroy him. The Mayor fell to sharpening his pencil again, and the Alderman made an effort to open a little gate in a corner of the railing, and would have approached his honor but for the constraining look with which his attempt to open the gate was received by that prudent functionary, who felt that any appearance of understanding even with the Alderman, might be perilous while the chief sat regarding the proceedings with such real interest and apparent unconcern.

"And have you nothing else to offer—no witnesses?" said the Mayor, addressing Chester.

"None!" answered Chester, wiping the drops from his forehead. "I have told the truth, if that is not believed all the witnesses on earth would be of no avail."

Then came from an outer chamber, hung with gilded stars, fireman's banners, and grated by the iron door of a cell where chance prisoners are sometimes locked, a little figure, hunch-backed and of pale and sickly features.

"Mary, my poor child!" said Chester, but she only lifted her large eyes to his an instant, and going up to the railing held to it by her hand.

"May I be sworn as those men have been?" she said, addressing the startled Mayor in the same sweet tones that had claimed his compassion a month before.

"You! what can you know of the matter?" said his honor sharply, and almost thrown off his guard.

"Not much, but something I do know!" answered the child meekly. "May I speak?"

"But you are too young—how old are you?" cried the Mayor, hoping to have found a legal reason for sending away the obtrusive little imp, as he called the child in his heart.

"I am twelve, sir. Just twelve!"

The Mayor cast an uneasy glance at the chief's closet and then at the child.

"Sir," said Chester, "I do not know what this poor child wishes to say, but it is my wish that she be heard."

"If she is offered as a witness there is no dispute of her right to speak," replied his honor, but with a disturbed countenance—and taking a little worn Bible, marked with a blood cross from the desk before him, his honor held it toward the child.

She took the Bible between both her hands and pressed her lips reverently upon it.

"Now," said the Mayor, "what do you wish to say?"

"It was so still out yonder where I waited by the door, for poor Mrs. Chester was so anxious, and I thought perhaps some one here might give me good news to carry home."

"This has nothing to do with the matter, child."

"I know," replied the little girl, meeting the Mayor's rebuff with her usual humility. "But I thought perhaps you might ask how I came by the door. Well, sir, I heard what these men said about Mr. Chester. I knew their voices, sir, for I heard them before, on the very night they were talking about it, as they stood under the great elm tree waiting for Mr. Chester to come out."

"The great elm tree—and how came you there, Mary?" exclaimed Chester, greatly surprised by the child's appearance.

"Do you remember, sir, that you were complaining and quite ill that night before you went out? Mrs. Chester felt very anxious about him, sir," continued the child, reminded that it was her duty to address the Mayor. "We sat up together sewing, and after he went out I saw the tears come into Mrs. Chester's eyes, and once or twice they fell upon her work. She was crying because her husband—oh if you only knew how good he is—was obliged to go out in such bitter cold weather, when his cough was coming on again. I saw what she was fretting about, and so as he had been too ill to eat supper, I asked her to let me make a cup of warm coffee and carry it out to him on his beat. She would not let me make the coffee, but the idea pleased her and she made it herself, and poured it in a little covered pitcher, while I put on a hood and shawl. I knew the way, sir, and was not in the least afraid of the night or anything else, for the stars were out and nobody ever thinks of harming a little girl like me. Some pity, and some laugh—but I am never afraid of being hurt even in the night. I said this to Mrs. Chester, for she did not like to have me go out alone. She kissed me and said I might go, for God was sure to take care of me anywhere. Well, sir, I went on, up one street and down another very slow, for the ice was slippery. When I saw Mr. Chester standing on a corner and looking toward the windows of a store, over which was a great elm tree all dripping with ice—I knew him by the way he stood and by his star which shone in the moonlight. Just as I was crossing over the street, with my pitcher of coffee, I saw a little boy come out from under the tree and speak to Mr. Chester, who ran over and went into the store.

"I knew that Mr. Chester would not stay long in that place, and so crept close up to the trunk of the tree, on the shady side, and holding the coffee under my shawl to keep it warm, waited for him to come out. There had been some noise in the store, as if people were quarrelling, but all that died away, and then two men came out and stopped close by the tree where I was standing. I kept still as a mouse, and pressed close up to the dark side, for the men were laughing, and I was afraid they might laugh at me if I came into the light. I heard every word that they said, sir, but did not know the meaning of it till now.

"'We have got him at last—Jones saw him take the brandy,' said one.

"'Yes, but he did not drink it; Jones cannot say that.' It was another voice that made this answer, sir.

"'But he will say that or anything else likely to get the fellow out of the way—and so must you, and so will I;' answered the loudest voice again.

"Just then Mr. Chester came out of the store. He looked very pale, but I thought it was only the moonlight striking on him through the ice that hung all over the elm tree.

"'Now!' said one of the men, 'now have your foot ready if he comes this way.' Mr. Chester did come that way, sir, walking carefully on the ice. But for the men, I should have gone up to him at once. I did not like to let them see me, and so waited a little, meaning to follow him when they were gone, and give him the coffee. He passed close by us, and fell. I heard the men laugh low—so low just as he came up. I heard them call out, and saw other people come up.

"They lifted him from the ice—these two men—and held his face up to the cold air. I thought that he was dead, his face shone so white, and it seemed as if the thought hardened me into ice. I could not speak nor move. Everything went dark around me. I felt the coffee pitcher slip from my hand and break upon the stones, but could not even try to save it. He had been so kind to me—there was only one thought came to me through the cold—they would take him home dead to his wife—she who had been so kind to me also. I knew it would break her heart, and still I could not move. When I did get a little strength, those two men were going down the street, and Mr. Chester walked between them. I followed after, but the fright had made me weak, and my eyes were so full of tears that I could only see them moving before me like people in a fog.

"Just before I reached the house, two men—the same who had gone home with Mr. Chester—went by me walking very fast and laughing. I knew them by the laugh, for they gave me no time to look up. I hoped by that to find Mr. Chester not so badly hurt as he seemed. This gave me strength, and I got home sooner than I should have done. When I went in, Mr. Chester sat by the fire trembling like a leaf, and his wife stood over him bathing his head, paler than I ever saw her before or since!"

The little girl paused here, her eyes fell, and the eager look died on her face, for she saw that cold, sneering smile, peculiar to the Mayor, contracting his upper lip—and it struck a chill to her heart.

"Did you see the faces of those men—can you point them out again?" questioned the Mayor.

"I did not see their faces plain enough to know them again, but by the voice of that man," and she pointed toward Smith, "I am sure he was one of them!"

"And this is all you know?" said the Mayor.

"It is all!" was the faint reply. "It is all!" and the child crept to the side of Chester, and put her hand in his.

He pressed that little hand, looking down kindly upon her, and then her tears began to flow.

The Mayor arose. "We have heard the evidence," he said, "and it has been carefully written down. In a few days, or weeks at farthest, the case shall be decided—it requires consideration; it requires a patient review of the evidence. Until the decision, Mr. Chester, you are suspended, without pay."

The Mayor ended his speech with a gentle bend of the head, and prepared to withdraw. The clerk rolled up his minutes, and the witnesses went out, anxious to quit a scene that had been more exciting than they expected.

Chester stood alone in the office, holding little Mary by the hand, when the chief came out from his closet, looking very grave, but with much friendly sympathy in his manner. He wrung Chester's hand, and uttered a few cheering words. Chester could not speak. His firm lips began to quiver, and throwing himself upon a chair, he cast his arms over the railing, his face fell upon them, and the proud, wronged man sobbed like a child.

What all the coldness and falsehood of his enemies had failed to do, was accomplished by a few words of unaffected sympathy. These alone had power to wring tears from his firm manhood, and Chester led home his little protege with a heavy heart, and a heavy, heavy heart was that which met his with its wild throb of anguish, as he entered the home where his wife sat weeping, and watching for him.

### CHAPTER VIII.

How little would there be of grief or woe
If love and honesty held sway on earth!
The demon poverty, so grim and gaunt,
But for [illegible] would never need have birth;
Give room and wages for the poor man's toil
And thus the deed ye weaken and despoil.

During six long weeks did the Mayor of New York keep Chester in suspense, and all that time the heart-stricken man had no means of support, save that derived from the labor of his wife. Day and night that gentle woman sat toiling at her needle, the smile upon her lip chasing the tear from her eye. Her sympathy was all given to the husband of her choice. She was grieved and indignant at the wrong that had been done to him. She was a generous and feminine woman, but her sense of justice was powerful, and her feelings of condemnation strong against any man who could violate the bonds of common equity which should bind neighbor to neighbor.

With that keen, intuitive sense that belongs to thoughtful womanhood, her conviction settled at once on the man from whom her husband had received his deepest wrong. Great love gave her almost the power of divination, and with all his craft, the Mayor failed to deceive one pure-hearted and clear-minded woman. She knew that he was her husband's enemy, and blame her not, reader, till you have suffered similar wrongs—her gentle soul rose up against this man; she could not think of him without an indignant glow of heart and cheek. She could not hear his name without a thrill of dislike. She saw her husband's cheek grow paler each day—she saw his firm step grow weaker and weaker. In the night time his hollow cough would start her from the brief slumber into which she had fallen. Then would the form of this, his unprovoked and relentless enemy rise before her mind, and her soul turned shuddering from the image.

I know that it is a Christian duty to forgive—that when a bad man smites one defenceless cheek, we are taught to offer the other to his upraised hand. But the Lord of Heaven and earth promises no forgiveness of transgression unless it is followed by repentance; and where God himself draws the strict line between Justice and Mercy, let no merely human being be censured for withholding forgiveness to an unrepented wrong. Forgiveness to injuries for which atonement is offered is a duty, and a sweet one, to the noble of heart. But without atonement—that soul offering of the sinful—let no man hope to receive from his fellow what the Justice withholds. While we leave vengeance to the Lord, let His great wisdom decide upon the duties of forgiveness also!

And so with an aching heart Mrs. Chester saw her husband sinking before her. His spirit remained firm but sorrowful; the shadow lay upon it, but his body, being the weaker, gave way, and continued suspense was devouring his strength like a demon. Chester knew that any day he might be called up before that man, branded with the drunkard's infamy, and cast forth with a sullied character and broken health to the mercies of humanity. It was this thought that clung around him night and day, deepening his cough, hollowing out his eyes, and visibly bowing down his stately form.

Still Mrs. Chester worked on, and by her side, calm and sweet in her beautiful gratitude, might always be seen the little Mary, toiling also, and for the mere pittance that supplied the household with food. They had nothing left for rent—nothing for the thousand little wants that are almost as pressing as the mere cravings of nature. These two noble females could earn food and nothing more; so after a time gaunt poverty came, with the rent day, and stood before them face to face, darkening the door with his eternal presence. Then Jane Chester began to tremble—one by one she gave up to the fiend her little household treasures—her work box—her table—every personal trinket, and at last her bed. The fiend took them all, still crying for more, till she had nothing to give. Notwithstanding all this, Jane Chester was hopeful; she would not think that their bright days had wholly departed. Her husband must be acquitted—he would recover then, and conquer the disease that anxiety had brought upon him. She said these things again and again,—little Mary listened with tears in her eyes, and Chester would turn away his head or look upon her with a mournful smile.

At last, when suspense had eaten into his very life, Chester was summoned before the Mayor.—Excitement gave him unnatural strength that day, and he obeyed the summons, nerved to meet his fate.

His honor received him alone, in the chief's office. A look of friendly commiseration was on his face, and he took Chester's hand with a gentle pressure.

"I have sent for you," he said, relinquishing the burning hand he had taken, and motioning Chester to be seated—"I have sent for you as a friend, to advise and counsel you."

Chester bent his head, but did not speak. He sat down, however, for his limbs trembled with weakness.

"I have put off the decision in your case longer than usual," resumed the Mayor, playing with a pen that lay on the desk before him, "because I was in hopes that something might come up to change the aspect of things. It is a very painful case, Mr. Chester, and I wish the responsibility rested somewhere else—but the evidence was conclusive. You heard it all—several persons testified to the same thing—no facts have appeared since, and as a sworn Magistrate, I must do my duty."

Chester did not speak, his cheek and lips grew a shade paler than disease had left them, and he bent his large eyes, glittering with fever and excitement, full upon the Mayor.

There was something in the glance of those eyes that made the Chief Magistrate sit uneasy on his leather cushion. He betook himself to making all kinds of incongruous marks upon a sheet of paper that lay before him.

"I shall be compelled to break you," resumed his honor. "With the evidence, I could not answer to my constituents, were I to act otherwise; but there is a way, and it was for this I sent for you—there is a way by which the disgrace may be avoided. If you could make up your mind to resign now, on the score of ill-health, for instance,—you really do look anything but robust—all the disgrace of expulsion would be got over at once, and I should be saved a very painful task!"

Chester arose, gently and firmly, the blood red hectic flashed back to his cheek, and his eyes grew painfully brilliant.

"You can disgrace me, sir; you can ruin me if you choose. I know that you have the power—that, against the very letter and spirit of our institutions, the breath of one man is potent to decide upon the fate of nine hundred of his fellow men—that the accused has no appeal from your decision if you decide unfairly—no redress from injustice, should you be unjust. Knowing all this—knowing that, save in the magnitude of his power to do wrong, the autocrat of all the Russias possesses no authority more absolute than the citizens of New York have given to you, a single man, and a citizen like themselves—I say, knowing all this, and feeling in my own person all the injustice and all the peril it brings upon the individual, I will not, by my own act, give strength or color, for one instant, to the injustice you meditate. I will not resign—with my last breath I will protest, fruitless as I know it is, against the cruel fraud that has been practised upon me."

The Mayor dropped his pen. For once in his life, the blood did rush into that immovable face—save around the upper lip, and that grew white, as it contracted beneath the nostril, that began to dilate faintly, as anger got the mastery over his colder feelings. He turned his eyes unsteadily, from object to object, casting only furtive glances at the face of his victim.

"I have advised you for your own good!" he said at length, "if you choose to let the law take its natural course there is nothing more to be said."

Chester wiped the heavy drops from his forehead and his upper lip, where they had gathered like rain.

"You are then decided. You will not be advised?" persisted the Mayor, after a moment's silence, observing that Chester was about to rise.

"No, I will not resign. Not to save my life would I give this coward recognition of your act. If I am sent from the police, you, sir, must take the responsibility!" Chester took up his hat and walking stick.

"I will wait still longer. You may think better of this?" said the Mayor, rising also.

Chester turned back leaning for support upon his walking stick.

"I have given my answer, I am ready to meet my fate!" and without another word the unhappy man walked forth trembling in every limb, and girded as it were by a band of iron across his chest.

The Mayor watched him depart with an uneasy glance. He had failed in the usual game of allowing a resignation when the responsibility threatened to become heavy. In this case the presence of the chief of police at Chester's trial—the character of the man and above all his own knowledge of the means by which his ruin had been procured, rendered the worthy magistrate peculiarly anxious. It was one of those cases that the public might question, especially when it became known that the principal witness was to receive the place made vacant by Chester's ruin. Nothing doubting of success, for he found most men willing to redeem some fragment of a lost character by resignation, and thus had craftily frightened many an honest man from his place whom he would not have ventured to condemn openly—the Mayor had summoned Chester to his presence. But the high and courageous nature of the policeman, the simplicity, the energy and the deep true feeling inherent there formed a character entirely above the level of his honor's comprehension. His craft and his subtle policy were completely thrown away here, and following the noble young man with hatred in his eye, the Mayor arose muttering, "Though it cost me my seat he shall go!" and he followed the policeman, calling him by name.

"It needs no longer time for a decision," he said, touching his hat as he passed toward the City Hall, "to-morrow you can bring to the chief's office your star and your book, they will be wanted for another!"

"To-night—I will bring them at once!" said Chester, with a start, for he was very weak, and the Mayor's voice struck his ear suddenly. "Then," he murmured to himself, "God help me, to-morrow I may not have the strength."

When Chester went out in the morning, his wife had complained of illness, and this thought added to his depression as he returned home. "Oh, what news do I bring to make her better," he thought. "What but sorrow and pain shall I ever have to offer her on this side the grave. Feeble as a child—disgraced. Oh, Jane, my wife, how will she live through all that must too surely come upon her!" Saddened by these thoughts, Chester mounted the stairs. Little Isabella was sitting by the hearth, crying and alone, as he entered the chamber formerly the scene of so much innocent happiness. Chester loved his beautiful child, and her tears sent a fresh pang through his heart. The thought crossed his mind that she might be hungry and crying for food. He had often thought of late that this want must come upon them all at last, but now that it seemed close at hand it made him faint as death. He sat down and attempted to lift the little girl to his knee, but he had not strength to raise her from the floor, and, abandoning the attempt with a mournful look, he drew her close to his bosom, his forehead fell upon her shoulder, and he began to weep like a child.

Isabella wiped away the tears and put her arm softly around his neck. "Oh, papa, don't take on so, I wish I had not cried."

"And what are you grieving about?" said Chester, struggling with himself, "were—were you hungry, darling?"

"No, it was not that, but mamma, you know, had such a head-ache, and we wanted to do something for her, but Mary and I could find no camphor nor cologne nor anything in the house, and poor mamma kept growing worse, so we made it up between us, Mary and I, to sell the canary bird. There was not a bit of seed, nothing but husks in the cage, and the poor thing began to hang its head, so don't blame us, we had no money for seed, and now that you and mamma are both sick, Mary thought we had better sell the bird."

Chester groaned, and his face fell once more upon the child's shoulder.

"Papa, are you angry," said Isabella, while the tears came afresh to her beautiful eyes.

"No, my child, no. It was right, it was best. But your mother, is she so very ill?"

"She is asleep now! That was the reason I only cried very softly when Mary Fuller went away with the bird—Mary made me promise not to cry out loud, for fear of waking her."

Chester arose and moved softly toward the bed-room. It had a desolate and poverty stricken look—that little room—but still was neatly arranged and tidy in every part. The bureau was gone, and the straw bed, though made up with care, looked comfortless in comparison with the couch in which we first saw Isabella asleep.

Mrs. Chester was lying upon the bed sleeping heavily, her cheeks were crimson, and there was some difficulty in her breathing which seemed unnatural. Still there did not seem to be cause for apprehension. Since her troubles came on, the poor wife had often been a sufferer from nervous head-aches, and this seemed but a more violent attack than usual.

Chester put the hair away from her forehead, and kissing it, softly went out, thankful that she was not awake to hear his evil news, for he felt that the telling her all that had passed would, in his present state, quite unman him.

He sat down by the window, for it was now early spring, and Isabella crept to his side. The little creature found in his presence consolation for the loss of her bird. They had been sitting together perhaps half an hour, when Mary Fuller came in, her face bore a look of keen disappointment, and her eyes were full of tears.

"You have told him?" she said, addressing Isabella, "you have told him about it?"

"Yes, my good little girl, she told me. You were very right to sell the bird," said Chester, reaching forth his hand.

The child came close to him and looked earnestly in his face. "You look very bad—you are in pain?" she said, "something is the matter with you, Mr. Chester."

"I have a little pain here," said Chester, with a sad smile, pressing one hand upon his breast. "It seems, Mary, as if a strong band were about me, girding tighter and tighter. Sometimes it troubles me to breathe at all."

Mary touched his hand, it seemed as if a glowing coal were buried in the palm. Her eyes filled with strange terror, and without a word she sat down at Chester's feet, burying her troubled face in her garments.

"Did, did you sell the bird," asked Isabella, touching Mary's shoulder.

"Yes," replied Mary, in a smothered voice, "I sold it, but they would only give me half a dollar. They saw that we wanted money—but I would not let it go for ever—sometime they will let us buy it back again."

"Oh that is so much better! When papa gets his place again, we can have birdy back," said Isabella, relieved from her most pressing grief; but the hope so innocently expressed struck upon the poor father's heart like a knife. When he got his place back. That time would never, never come! He was disgraced—a branded, ruined man. The full conviction had been cruelly brought home to him by the words of that hopeful little girl. A few smothered groans broke from him. Little Mary lifted her head and regarded him sadly, as he paced up and down the floor.

"Mr. Chester," she said, following him, and speaking in a troubled under tone, "don't look so sorrowful. I wish you could only cry a little—just a little, it will do you good; come in and see her, perhaps that will bring the tears."

"It is here, little girl, it is here!" said Chester, laying one hand upon his chest. "I cannot breathe."

"Perhaps—oh, I am almost sure it is only the tears that cannot get to your eyes lying heavy there. That does give dreadful pain—I know it!"

"It is something worse than that," said Chester, and the tears gushed into his eyes. "I feel—I feel that it is—"

"Is what, sir, oh you may tell me!"

"No, it is nothing. God may yet spare me!"

Mary gazed at him a moment, and then turned away. She entered the little closet where her bed was, and closing the door, knelt down. She did not weep, as other children of her age might have done, but clasping her hands, and lifting her meek forehead to Heaven, prayed in her heart—a little time and the words came gushing to her lips, wild, eloquent, full of deep and simple pathos. Her eye-lids quivered; her mouth grew bright with the soul that troubled it. Her crooked frame seemed to dilate and straighten with the energy of her prayer.

"Oh, God, oh my Father, who art in Heaven, Thou who hast made these, Thy children, so good and so beautiful, look down upon me—bend for one moment from the bright home where Thou hast taken my own father, and listen to me, his little child—I am feeble, helpless, and all alone. Oh, God, no one need grieve or shed a tear upon the earth if I am laid in my little grave before morning. Look upon me, oh, Lord, see if I am not a useless and unshapely thing, whom Thy creatures may look upon with pity, but no love, save that which bringeth tears. Take me, oh, Father, take me from the earth, and leave the good man with his wife and with his child—I am ready, I am willing, this night, to lie down in the deepest grave, so this, my kind friend, live for those who love him so much. Father—oh, my own father, who art nearer unto God than I am, plead for me, plead for him; plead that thy little crooked, unseemly child, may be taken up to the home where her father is,—and that he who saved, and fed, and sheltered thy child, may be yet left to feed and shelter his own!"

It seemed as if the holy spirit of self-sacrifice that possessed this child, had sublimated both her language and her countenance. Her face, so thin, so pallid, beamed with the spirit of an angel—the subdued pathos of her voice, was like the fall of water-drops upon pure marble. Long after her lips ceased to move were her face and hands uplifted to Heaven.

Chester heard the murmur of her voice, and his heart was soothed by it. He went into his wife's bed room, and bent gently over her as she slept. The fever was still hot upon her cheek, and she murmured in her unrest as Chester took her hand softly in his and pressed his pale brow upon it. Long and mournfully did the heart-stricken man gaze upon those loved features. He smoothed the pillow, he spread the cool linen softly over her arms, he bathed her forehead with cold water, and then with his tears, as he bent down to kiss it before he went out.

Then he went into the outer room, and took from a drawer his star and his official book.—These he folded up carefully and placed in his jacket. Still he lingered in the room, moving from window to window, and looking sadly upon his child.

"Isabella, I am going out, come and kiss me," he said.

The child came up, cheerful and smiling, with her little arms extended. Chester sat down, and taking her upon his knee, gathered her little hands in his and gazed mournfully into her eyes.

"Isabella!" he said, with a degree of solemnity that filled the child with awe. She looked up wonderingly; he said no more, but sat gazing upon her. His bosom heaved with a sort of gasping struggle, sob after sob broke from his lips, and he removed her gently from his knee. He was turning to go out when Mary Fuller came from her little bed-room. Chester turned, laid both hands upon her head, and as she lifted her gentle eyes to his he bent down and kissed her—the first time in his life, and the last.

With a feeble and slow step, Chester entered the chief's office and rendered up his book and his star. He stayed for no conversation, and only answered the words of sympathy with which he was received by a faint smile. It was raining when he went forth and a thick fog fell low upon the ground. The night was drawing on dark and dreary, and everything seemed full of gloom. Chester walked on, he took no heed of the way, but turned corner after corner with reckless haste, one hand working in his bosom as if he could thus wrest away the pain that seemed strangling him, and the other grasping his walking stick upon which he paused and leaned heavily from time to time. It was now quite dark, and Chester found himself in one of those murky streets that lead out among the shipping. The air came in from the river struggling through a forest of tall masts, and as it flowed over his face, Chester drew almost a deep breath, not quite, for a sharp pain followed the effort—a cough that cut through his lungs like a knife—and then gushed from his mouth and nostrils a torrent of blood, frothy, vividly red, that fell upon his hands and his garments in waves of crimson foam.

Chester was standing upon the pier. Beyond him was the water—close by the tall and silent ships. He cast one wild glance on those noiseless objects and sat down upon the timbers of the pier, grasping the head of his walking stick with both hands and leaning upon them his damp forehead. Faster and faster gurgled up the vital blood to his lips. Like wine from the press it gushed, and every fresh wave bore with it a portion of his life.

Chester thought of his home—his wife, his child—he would die with them, he would struggle yet with the death fiend and wrest back the life that should suffice to reach them. He pressed one hand to his mouth, he staggered to his feet—the staff bent under him and he reeled like a sapling swayed by the wind. He advanced a single step, faltered and reeling back fell upon the timbers. A sob, a faint moaning sound, answered only by the dull heavy surge of the waters below, as they lapsed against the timbers of the pier. Another moan and a shudder of all the limbs, and then the fog rolled down over Chester's corpse like a winding-sheet.

### CHAPTER IX.

When Mrs. Chester awoke from her wild slumber, for it had been one deep and harrowing dream, she inquired of the children, who came eagerly to her bed, if their father had not come back, and if there was yet no tidings from the Mayor's office. They answered that he had but just left the house, and that he had been with her nearly an hour as she slept. She smiled gently, and closing her heavy eyes again, turned her head upon the pillow, moaning with the pain this slight motion gave.

Mary went to the little supper table which she had spread in anticipation of Mr. Chester's return, and came back with a bowl of warm tea in her hand.

"If you can only drink a little of this, ma'am," she said, stirring the tea with a bright silver teaspoon—the last they had left of a full set; "it always does your head so much good!"

Mrs. Chester rose upon her elbow and attempted to take the tea, but her head was dizzy, and after the first spoonful she turned away in disgust.

"I cannot drink it. Oh, for a glass of cold, cold water!"

Mary ran into the next room and came back with some water. But it tasted tepid to the poor invalid and she only bathed her parched mouth with it.

"You are ill, you are very ill, ma'am," said Mary, "this does not seem only like a head-ache. May I run for a doctor."

"We have nothing to pay doctors with, my child," said the poor invalid, clasping her hot fingers together, "now that I am sick, who will earn bread for you all? who will comfort him?"

"I will do my best, and so will Isabella!" replied Mary, "besides, perhaps—" The child paused and her eyes fell. She was about to say that perhaps the Mayor might not be so very hard on Mr. Chester, after all, but remembering the looks and manner of that unhappy man, she could not say this with truth, knowing as well as if it had been told her in words, that her benefactor had no hope—"perhaps," she added, "something may happen. When it was at the worst with me, you know, something happened then."

"And surely it is at the worst with us now," murmured Mrs. Chester, meekly folding her hands, "no, not the worst," she added, with a wild start, "for I am not a widow yet."

God help the poor woman. She was a widow even then.

The two children sat up that night watching by the sick, waiting for the father to return, who lay so cold and still upon the sodden timber of that dismal pier. They had eaten nothing all day—at least Mary had not—and now they cut the sixpenny loaf in slices and eat of it, leaving a small covered dish, which had been prepared for Chester, untouched. His supper was sacred to those little girls, hungry and worn out as they were, neither of them even once glanced at it longingly. They were quite content with the dry bread, and even eat of that sparingly, for Mrs. Chester had asked for ice, and various little things in her delirium—she was delirious then—and the children ran out after everything she mentioned, hoping to relieve the terrible state she was in, till they had but one shilling left.

So they made a sparing meal of the bread—those poor little creatures—and a cup of cold water, for the tea must be saved for him and for her—"children," they said, with tears in their eyes, "ought not to want such things." With all her brave effort to be content with everything, and to watch with Mary, poor little Isabella dropped to sleep with her head upon the table, weary and almost heart-broken, for she was not used to suffering like Mary Fuller, and her childish strength yielded more readily; and Mary sat watching her alone, quite alone, for Mrs. Chester had muttered herself into a feverish sleep, and the house was in profound solitude.

Then came upon Mary Fuller a terrible sense of the desolation that had overtaken them all, a thought, dark and shadowy, such as had fallen upon her heart when her own father lay dead in the house, swept its blackness across her brain. She knew what it was, and from that moment ceased to listen for Mr. Chester, but crept away to a corner with her stricken heart, and prayed silently.

The wharf where Chester lay, shrouded by the heavy and clinging fog, the dark waters lapping the timbers upon which he had fallen, and rising toward his corpse with the tide, nearer and nearer, like the weltering folds of a pall; the dwelling where lay his widow, scorched with fever, moaning in her sleep for the husband who would never stand by her bed again; the sleeping orphan, the little beggar girl upon her knees—all these things we have described, so far as a feeble pen can picture that which is far beyond its power. And now there is another scene to which the reader should turn.

That night there was a meeting of the Common Council, both marble wings of the City Hall were brilliantly illuminated, and crowds of spectators gathered eagerly around the two Council Chambers, for some fifty or sixty poor and efficient men were to be turned out of office, and the populace were eager to witness the jocose and delicate way in which the New York city fathers decapitated their children. To have seen the smiles, the jests passed to and fro in the Board, the quiet and sneering pleasure of one man—the careless tone of another—the indifferent air of a third—you would have supposed that these savans had met to perform some great public benefit; for it seemed like quite a gala night, the majority were so full of generous gaiety.

And why should they not be jovial and happy in the legislative halls? What was there to dampen their spirits in the gay proceedings? True, the heads of fifty or sixty families were thus playfully deprived of the means of an honest support. Efficient and experienced men were taken from almost all the city departments and cast without occupation upon the world. Men who had toiled years in the city's service, and for a bare livelihood, were suddenly cast forth to want and penury.—Men who had braved the pestilence and death, crowded and heaped together in the great hospitals of the city—who had fronted death in every form, and made a very home of the lazar house, when to breathe the air was almost to die. These men, braver a thousand times than the warrior soldiers whose minute guns are this moment booming over the city; these men, some of them yet trembling upon the brink of the grave from pestilence, inhaled while nobly performing duties for which they were worse paid than the commonest soldier—these, and like these, were the men whom our city fathers were so blandly and pleasantly removing from their field of duty. Was it wonderful, then, that the whole affair seemed quite like pastime to those engaged in it; or that they made themselves piteously eloquent upon the subject whenever one of the grave minority ventured to lift his voice against the proceedings?

When the two Boards broke up for recess, nothing could exceed the spirit and good fellowship with which they went down to supper. The Mayor was present, for having been an Alderman himself, he always knew when anything peculiarly agreeable to his taste was coming off at the hall. The President of the Upper Board was in splendid spirits, and altogether, it was a brilliant scene when the Mayor took his seat next the President, and the thirty six Aldermen and assistants ranged themselves on either side the groaning board.

You should have seen with what a relish the city fathers eat their supper that night—birds worth their weight in gold, vanished as if they had taken wings from the plates. Great luscious oysters, delicately cooked after every conceivable fashion—Canvass-backed ducks, swimming in foreign jellies—turkeys and roasted chickens, that went from the table whole, being too common for men who had learned to indulge in wild game and condiments at the cost of *ten thousand* a year. Decanters, through which the wine gleamed red and bright, interspersed here and there with others of a darker tinge, and more potent flavor—brandied fruit, and rich sweetmeats all shed a luscious fragrance through the tea-room. The flash of glasses in the light; the flash of wit that followed the drained glasses—the clatter of plates, the noiseless tread of the waiters—why it was enough to make the silver urn and curious old pitchers start of themselves from the side board to claim a share in the feast. It was enough to make the public documents, prisoned in the surrounding book cases, shiver and rustle with an effort to free themselves from bondage. The very fragments of that official supper would have fed many a poor family for a week, but then the city fathers really did enjoy the supper so much it would have been a pity to dampen their spirits by an idea so at variance with the law. They had consigned at least fifty blameless families to poverty that night, and surely that was labor enough without troubling themselves about the means by which they were to be kept from perishing. You could see by the quiet smile upon the Mayor's lip, as he arose from the supper table, and helped himself to a handful of cigars from a box on the side-board, that he was in peculiarly fine spirits that night. He had brought a distinguished guest from the South to partake of the city's hospitality, and as the two lighted their cigars they conversed together on city matters.

"To-morrow—to-morrow," said his honor, "you must go over our institutions—Bellevue, the Island, and the various Asylums."

The stranger shook his head.

"Not to Bellevue, if that is where your people are dying off so rapidly of ship-fever," he said, "I have a terror of the disease; why in the papers I saw it stated that half the physicians at your Alms House were down with it, and that three or four out of the number have died this season."

"Yes," said the Mayor, lighting his cigar, "the mortality has been very great at Bellevue, especially among the young doctors. They are peculiarly exposed however."

"I should think," said the stranger, laying down his cigar, for he could not find the heart to smoke quietly, when conversing on a subject so painful, "I should suppose it would be difficult to find men ready to meet almost certain death, as these young men are sure to do. It must be a painful task to you, sir, when you sign their appointments. It would seem to me like attaching my name to a death warrant."

"Yes," replied the Mayor, taking out his cigar and examining the end, for it did not burn readily; "it is very disagreeable. Why, sir, the city has paid, already, nearly five hundred dollars for funeral expenses; and there is no knowing how far it may be carried."

The stranger looked up in surprise; he could not believe that he had heard aright—that the Mayor of New York was absolutely counting, as a subject of regret, the funeral cost attending the death of those brave young men who had perished amid the pestilence.

But as he was about to speak again, several Aldermen who still lingered at the table, called loudly for the Mayor.

"I say," said the Alderman of the Nineteenth, leaning over the back of his chair, with a glass of wine in one hand,—"I say, have you settled that Chester yet? My man is getting impatient."

"Hush!" said his honor; "not so loud, my good friend. Bring in the nomination to-morrow—I gave Chester his quietus this afternoon."

And so he had; for while this scene was going on at the City Hall, Chester lay dying upon the wharf.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Selected Tale.

# THE BROKEN VOW.

BY THE HON. MRS NORTON.

### CHAPTER I.

Harry Dunstan was the younger son of a younger son; a colonel in the army, who thought a man provided handsomely for his offspring when he bought a commission in the Guards.

But Captain Dunstan was not of the same opinion; expensive in his habits, thoughtless and extravagant in his ideas, the gaming table, the turf, and the dice box supplied him with temporary resources. His father, after having paid his debts half a dozen times, refused to do anything more for him, and soon after died, leaving him, according to the technical expression, "without a farthing in the world," i. e. with about three hundred a year.

Dunstan was advised to marry an heiress, which he was perfectly willing to do. After one or two disappointments in England, he received an invitation from a General Campbell, who had been a friend of his father, to spend the shooting season at Cumlin-Dhu, a beautiful romantic place in the Highlands. Thither Harry Dunstan proceeded, and was warmly welcomed on account of his great merit, in having possessed so amiable a father.

Amongst the inmates of the General's hospitable house, was a nephew of his, Archie Campbell; a gay, warm-hearted young Scotchman, blunt in his manner, but with acute feelings, kind to a fault, the idol of his circle, and the admiration even of the calculating and heartless Dunstan himself. A sort of friendship, or more properly companionship, was established between the two young men; and in spite of the contrast between them, they became inseparable.

Archie Campbell, who had scarcely ever been from the wilds in which he lived, was struck with the natural and acquired elegance of the English officer, for Harry Dunstan had no dandyism about him; gentle without effeminacy, graceful without affectation, he won easily on the unsuspecting; and a sort of tact, which was taught him partly by his dependant situation, partly by an innate thirst of vanity which led him to wish for universal praise, gave him that enviable power of adapting himself to different dispositions, and chameleon-like variety in the choice of the *modes* of making an impression, which would have baffled a keener sighted man than his simple, happy friend. From the old General, who found an apparently eager companion in his favorite sports, to the piper, whose account of St. Fillan's meeting, and its prize pipes, was so kindly listened to, all loved Dunstan.

And *one more* loved him; one who should never have allowed her young heart to wither in her bosom, for Archie Campbell had wooed her, and Archie's bride she was to be. It was a settled thing; and many of her privileged friends already laughingly addressed her by the title of Mrs. Campbell, of Cumlin Dhu; and Mrs. Campbell she might have been, but for Harry Dunstan.

Archie himself introduced his friend to his betrothed; it was *he* who expressed a wish that they should like one another; it was *he* who requested Harry to take care of Minny and her Highland pony, while he himself went to see a sick old man, or give directions about the General's farm; it was *he* who informed Dunstan that the only delay to the match was the return of Minny's uncle, who was to give her a fortune hardly earned in India, and had wished to see his beloved child by adoption united to the man of her choice. The father was only a poor clergyman, and his brother's return was daily expected.

Dunstan heard and pondered, and while he sat on the sunny bank, with the blue sky reflected in the uplifted eyes of his innocent companion, dark and treacherous thoughts coursed one another through his mind. While he wove harebells for Margaret Dure's fair locks, and she smiled on him in confiding friendship, he was meditating how to cover the innocent victim with chains, whose links should be concealed among flowers, till they were bound round her heart!

It were vain and useless to recount Harry Dunstan's acts; he was thirty—she seventeen; he was a man of the world—she had never been beyond her native village. She admired him; she liked to have him with her; she looked forward to happy days at Cumlin Dhu, with her husband Archie, and her new friend; then she wished that Archie was like Dunstan, *in some things*, till—till Harry Dunstan seemed to her the most perfect of human beings.

And think not that this was mere fickleness, or admiration of outward show. Dunstan had laid his plot deeply; he contrived, by a thousand stratagems, to weaken the bonds of affection between the two lovers; and while he appeared to be earnestly wishing to reconcile their quarrels, and to laugh at their childish differences, as he called them, he inwardly exulted as the barbed dart sunk deeper and deeper into the bosoms of those who unwittingly cherished a serpent.

Archie Campbell was in the daily habit of riding to the manse, and taking what he laughingly termed his "orders for the day," from the gentle lips of his betrothed. He rode out one morning while the grey mists still clung to the tops of the hills, as if loath to leave them to the glory of the uprisen sun. The freshness and brightness of nature gave warmth to his heart and vigor to his limbs; and a kindly and remorseful spirit stole over him as he reflected on some hasty and jealous words he had spoken to Minny the day previous. "What a weak thing is a man's soul!" thought he; "I struggle with doubts and fears which at one time wring my heart, while at another they seem as easily dispersed as the shadows and mists from the brow of yonder mountain. At this hour of quiet glory—in the dewy silence of this delicious morning,—how feverish, how foolish, seem the feelings of yesterday! My poor Minny, what could make me doubt you now?"

What, indeed!—As he approached the manse, it appeared to him that there was an unusual stir—an unusual number of people assembled on the little lawn from which Minny used to watch his coming; his heart beat, his breath came quick, the old man must be ill, or the housekeeper had died suddenly, or the Indian uncle had arrived, or—anything but Minny! Mr. Dure was standing on the lawn: his white head uncovered, and his eyes wandering irresolutely from one to another of the grieved and perplexed countenances of his little household.

When he perceived Archie he staggered forward, and with a nervous laugh, which contrasted thrillingly with the wild anxiety of his eye as he pressed young Campbell's hand, exclaimed—"Weel, laddie, and isn't this a wild trick you've played us, so sober and discreet as you seemed; weel, weel—and where?" The old man's tone suddenly altered; the haggard smile vanished from his face, and as he leaned heavily on Archie's arm, he whispered in a hoarse voice—"Don't say it; don't say it; don't tell me you don't know where she is, or may be ye'll see me die at your feet." Archie collected from the weeping domestics enough, and more than enough to satisfy him. The snowy coverlet of Minny's bed remained undisturbed by the pressure of a human form. She had not slept at the manse that night; she would never more rest her head in peace and innocence beneath its roof again!

He came back to Cumlin-Dhu, and asked for Dunstan; he had departed suddenly on plea of urgent business in England. Archie Campbell gazed in his informant's face with a vacant stare, and then bowed his head on his hands. He did not weep or groan, or even sigh; a slight shudder only passed over his frame. I anxiously watched him the few succeeding days we were together; he was just the same as usual; he talked and laughed, and though the laugh was less cheerful, it was wonderful how well he conquered his sorrow; only when he sometimes stole a look at Duncan's unfilled place, a wild and fearful expression lighted his countenance, his lips moved, and his breath came thick and short. For a little while I thought he would either get over it, or that he retained some hope that Minny herself would repent before it was too late, and return. He rode out at the accustomed hour to the manse, where the lonely old father was mourning in silent and submissive sorrow.

I accidentally encountered him one evening; he was sitting on the favorite bank—the deep crimson sun lit the heath and harebell, the wide blue lake lay stretched beneath, and the perfumed air echoed the confused murmur of distant sounds and the hum of insects; he looked at the empty seat by him, "Minny, sweet Minny!" said he, in a low gentle voice, then suddenly rising, with startling energy he stretched his arms and bent forward with a straining effort to the distant mountains. "Margaret! Margaret Dure!" and the hills returned in the same tone of unspeakable anguish, "Margaret Dure!" I feared he would fall and dash to pieces on the shingles below, yet I dared not speak, hardly breathe; he slowly drew himself back and sank down—that night he heard of Minny's marriage with Dunstan; that night he swore to me to leave Britain and travel for a while till his health should improve.

He went abroad, and after a few months, Mr. Dure received a letter from him, the hand-writing was feeble and the style incoherent; it expressed a wish that, as he was dying in a foreign land without any probability of being able to return, Mr. Dure should have a small marble slab erected under the old cypress tree, with his name and age, and the year he died in. This was accordingly done. In little more than a year after her marriage, Margaret Dunstan was attacked by a complaint which had often threatened her—that canker-worm of the young and lovely, consumption. Dunstan, disappointed in his hopes of money by his grieved and angry uncle, had latterly treated her coldly if not harshly; yet it was impossible to see anything so young and so beautiful dying without some feelings of pity; after a vain course of remedies had been gone through, he acceded to her sorrowful prayer that he would take her back to die at Cumlin-Dhu, where her old father still lived.

They arrived late in the evening, and, worn and exhausted, Margaret felt that she could not go to the manse that night; she had not heard of Archie's death in the stranger land and of his last request; and she stole into the churchyard where she was so soon to rest, and sat down in the still twilight leaning her weary head against a tombstone.

She had not sat there many minutes before she heard the little gate open, and presently afterwards her own name was uttered in a low voice. "Here I am, Dunstan," she said, rising. The speaker darted forward and then stood transfixed to the spot—"Margaret Dure!"—she uttered a piercing shriek. "Minny," said the young man wildly, "do not fear *me*, it is only Archie Campbell; are you living, and is it only the moonlight that makes you so pale?"

"Oh, Archie! do not speak in that tone; we are both altered, and I am dying now, but I deserved it, and I am contented to leave this world, and when I am buried in this lone place you will think of me sometimes, and forgive me."

"Minny, I hope you will live many long years, and I will see you sometimes at night, for I must be dead to all but you. Tell me, is he, is Dunstan kind to you?"

"Can the treacherous in friendship be faithful in love? no, Archie, the red gold tempted him, not Minny's face, he has chid me for smiling, and reproached me for leaving you, and said it was for a more splendid life I went with him; and—that if I changed once I might change again; and he has chid me for weeping when I thought of my father and of you, Archie, and of the sweet banks of Cumlin-Dhu."

"And did you think of me, my sweet Minny? Did you think of me still amid all the temptations and pleasures of England?"

"Archie, after the dream that he loved me melted away, love went out of my heart; but night and day, through the melancholy spring and the long weary summer, I wept for you—for your kind words and faithful promises; for the long happy days we spent together; and I felt that it was just that I who forsook should be forsaken."

Archie Campbell rushed forward, and taking the unfortunate girl in his arms he strained her convulsively to his bosom. "What have I done?" said Margaret, as she disengaged herself; "oh, Archie, pity me and let me go *home*," and the word brought a fresh torrent of bitter tears to her already dim and swollen eyes.

"Fear nothing," said he, as his arm sank by his side; "I am no traitor—God Almighty and All-merciful bless and protect you: go, and, Minny, tell no one you have seen me:" he loosed her hand and walked quickly away, and his bewildered companion returned to her husband.

After a most distressing scene between Minny and her poor father, it was agreed that they should live at the manse till something else should be settled, or till Minny should get better; though Mr. Dure felt he never could like Dunstan, yet his first fears had not been realised, his daughter was married; and though it was a grievous thing to think on poor Archie, his old favorite, yet he was a man prone to forgive, and he left vengeance to Him who hath said "*Vengeance is mine.*" The minister gently told his daughter the fate of her betrothed and deserted lover; she listened intently, and remembering the scene of the night before, she said earnestly, "Are you sure? oh, I cannot believe he is dead."

She shuddered as she said this; her father calmly drawing her arm within his, and walked through his little garden and entered the church-yard at the end of it. "There," said he, mournfully, "is the stone I raised to him." Minny looked, though her head swam.

THIS STONE
IS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
OF
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
AGED 24,
MAY 6TH, 1825.

It was the stone on which she had been leaning the night before; she gave a wild scream and fainted; her body, weakened as it was, was terribly shaken by this adventure, and though she still hoped some wild chance might have preserved Archie, and that it was indeed he that stood by her and spoke to her that evening, yet the awful words, "*I will see you at* NIGHT, *for I must be dead to all but you*," rang in her ear, and his hand, she remembered, was very cold. A sick thrill passed over her as she remembered this, and she at length became persuaded she had seen the spirit of her lover. Meanwhile she grew weaker and weaker every day.

One evening she expressed a wish to visit once more the moss bank which overhung the lake. Dunstan had gone out shooting, and it was on his way home. The old servant at the manse supported her, for she was now too feeble to walk without assistance; she sat down in the accustomed spot, dark overhanging mountains behind her, and the quiet blue lake before her; towards sunset she saw Dunstan coming over the hill, he waved his handkerchief to her, and she answered the signal; he leaped down the tufted side of the hill till he came to the most dangerous part, where it rose almost perpendicularly from the lake.

"Come slowly, Dunstan, pray," said the alarmed wife; Harry Dunstan laughed at her fears; he made one step more and was arrested in his progress. A wild, gaunt form sprung upon him like an hungry wolf, and endeavored to hurl him down the precipice; Dunstan struggled, as those struggle, and those *only*, who have death present to their eyes, but in vain; nearer he was dragged to the edge, till there was nothing between him and the lake below but a space of about four feet, by a sudden effort he flung himself on his back, and fired his loaded gun, his opponent bounded a few steps backward, the leaves over which he rolled rustled in the descent—a sick faint scream from Margaret, and all was silent.

Minny Dunstan walked feebly forward, her husband descended the hill, every fibre quivering with the struggle he had made; they met beside the body of the wounded man. Margaret bent over him, he opened his eyes, gave a dim dreary glance round him, took Dunstan's hand, and raising his eyes to Heaven, murmured some indistinct words, he then turned them once more to Minny, a film came over those orbs, and he lay a corse before them—the corse of Archie Campbell! Worn and emaciated by suffering, and looking like a man who had passed many more years of sorrows, the noble-hearted youth lay cold and stiff before his treacherous friend. And it seemed to Dunstan afterwards that his marriage, the death of Archie, the more lingering illness of Minny, and the sorrow and misery he had brought on all, were but as a waking dream.

## THE LOSS OF THE FIRST-BORN.

We have read of a young mother who had newly buried her first-born. Her pastor went to visit her, and, on finding her sweetly resigned, he asked her how she had attained such resignation. She replied, "I used to think of my boy continually—whether sleeping or waking—to me he seemed more beautiful than other children. I was disappointed if visitors omitted to praise his eyes, or his curls, or the robes that I wrought for him with my needle. At first I believed it the natural current of a mother's love. Then I feared it was idolatry, and sought to humble myself before Him who resisteth the proud. One night in my dreams I thought an angel stood beside me, and said, 'Where is the little bud thou nursest in thy bosom? I am sent to take it away! Where is thy little harp? Give it to me! It is like those which sound the praise of God in Heaven.' I awoke in tears; my beautiful boy drooped like a bud which the worm pierces; his last wailing was like the sad music from shattered harp-strings, all my world seemed gone; still in my agony I listened, for there was a voice in my soul, like the voice of the angel who had warned me, saying, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' I laid my mouth in the dust and said, let Thy will be mine; and as I arose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile also. Since then this voice has been heard amid the duties of every day—methinks it says continually, 'the cheerful giver!'"

PIC-NIC.—This word is in almost every person's mouth, and we confess to some curiosity about its origin. Richardson gives it no place; Walker makes no mention of it; Johnson is silent about it; and the new and revised edition of Webster throws this light upon it, and no more—"Originally an entertainment at which each person contributed some dish or article for the general table." The term is now applied to an entertainment carried with them by a party on an excursion of pleasure into the country, and also to the party itself.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

The word is German, *picknick*, signifying an entertainment at which every guest pays his own scot, or furnishes his own provision. The etymology of it is "pick and wink."—*Boston Chr[illegible]*

SUBLIMITY.—An orator says,—"Behold yon comet that sets out on its career through the heavens. It shoots like a glance of the eye across the blue ethereal plains. It passes out of the reach of the telescope. It sails into regions unknown. No race horse can equal it; no eagle upon the wing can catch it. Thousands gaze with wonder upon its rapid motions. The birds of the air halt in their wings to observe it; the lion pauses over his prey to survey it; the stars stand still to look upon it, *and my wife stops scolding to gaze upon it.*"

# United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1848.


## INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are to answer for this paper:

Of R. Bismack, late of Mount Holly, New Jersey.
Of Jos. S. Kenyon, late of Wilmington, Del.
Of Thos. Scott, late of Twinsburg, Ohio.
Of Cadet H. B. Ewing, late of West Point, N. York.
Of Capt. Jno. Dougherty, do. do. do.
Of Cadet Jno. S. Mason, do. do. do.
Of Cadet Jno. G. Foster, do. do. do.
Of A. P. Hill, do. do. do.
Of G. R. Norris, do. do. do.
Of S. D. Forsyth, do. do. do.

## TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is just the same on a *first class paper*, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.

## NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

## FRANCE.

After the full account which we give in another place of the late insurrection in Paris, we need say comparatively but little here. It is with mingled feelings of pity and indignation that we have perused the account of the mad and fiendish doings of a portion of the Parisian populace. And while we greatly rejoice that the friends of order have triumphed, we can but admit that this insurrection proves that at least a large minority of the people of Paris, are not yet sufficiently enlightened for Republican institutions. But still let us not be too desponding, nor take a darker view of affairs than the facts warrant. As we have said, a large minority of the people of Paris have proven their incapacity to maintain a Republic; but, on the other side, we have the majority of Paris, and apparently the great mass of the population of the provinces. The disturbance in the unquiet heart of France, found no answering pulse in the great body of the nation. All the sympathy of the provinces seems to have been with the Government—to its aid the National Guards poured in, and gave assurance of a certain triumph, sooner or later. There is great ground for hope and faith in this fact. Almost for the first time, it has been proved that Paris is by no means France.

The immediate cause of the insurrection was the determination of the Government to throw off the burden of supporting the unemployed workmen. One hundred thousand men were enrolled upon the books of the National workshops, and in daily receipt of pay. Ten thousand were at work, receiving full pay, and the remaining ninety thousand were idle and receiving half pay. To remedy this state of things several decrees were passed. "It was prescribed that all workmen between seventeen and twenty five years of age, should enroll themselves in the army, or upon refusal to do so, should leave the workshops; secondly, job work was to be substituted for day work; thirdly, all workmen who could not prove a residence of a certain number of months in the capital were to be sent back to their native departments; fourthly, it was resolved that large bodies of workmen should be sent from Paris into the departments for the purpose of executing works of acknowledged public utility. Five thousand were to be sent to Boulogne to execute extensive projects of canalization to clear eighty thousand hectares of unimproved lands. Twelve hundred were to be directed upon the department of the Maine and Loire to labor on the railways. The improvement of the navigation of the river Marne was to occupy three thousand more; public works in Paris and in several cities of the provinces were spoken of as destined to employ other large bodies of the unoccupied workmen. Upon one pretext or another the execution of all these plans was delayed from time to time. In the meanwhile the demoralization of the workmen was proceeding apace—their disorganization for all useful purposes, and their organization for the purposes of riot and revolution. Having no work to do, and regularly receiving their daily stipend, sufficient for their support, they spread themselves all over the city, forming little groups for the discussion of politics. They held their clubs in the open air, in which were criticised the National Assembly and the Executive Commission, and wishes were expressed for the establishment of what they called the 'Republique Democratic and Sociale.'"

When the last three decrees were attempted to be carried into effect, they were rendered nugatory either by the refusal of the workmen to obey them, or, as it appears, by the management of the officers to whom their execution was entrusted. Finally the official paper of the 22nd ult. announced that the Commission of the Executive had given orders that the enrolment of the young men should commence on the morrow. Those who did not choose to enlist were immediately to leave the workshops. This notice created great excitement. Bands of workmen paraded the streets, uttering menaces against the "Aristocratic" and "Reactionary" National Assembly. This was on the 22nd. That night the revolutionary clubs decided upon a resort to arms on the next morning. The 23rd came, and with it the insurrection.

Now it would be unjust not to sympathise with these workmen of Paris, at the same time that we condemn their course. In addition to the above ninety thousand on half pay, sixty thousand others were out of regular employ, and living "from hand to mouth," want continually staring them in the face. Is it to be wondered at that in their ignorance they should ask, "Is this a Republic, is the reign of 'liberty, equality and fraternity' commenced, and we without work or food?" Truly they were and are to be pitied as much as censured.

But even while pitying them, as we doubt not Cavaignac, Lamartine, and thousands of others did, but one course remained for the friends of law, order and the Republic to pursue—and that was to crush the rebellion as quickly as possible, and at whatever cost of life. For, had the insurgents succeeded, a reign of rapine and bloodshed, rivalling the old "reign of terror," would unquestionably have commenced—the end of which, after frightful massacres and tumults, would have been another despotism.

We think it probable, from what we read, that the present government of France is disposed to be a little "Reactionary." We think this accounts for the waning popularity of Lamartine, and the organization of a new ministry. The great mass of the people of France are property holders, the land being split up into parcels of five, ten and fifteen acres, and they sympathise more with the property holders of Paris (the *bourgeoisie*) than they do with the working classes—and property feels itself in danger from the wild theories of the Communists. But we look upon this reaction as merely momentary, if peace and order can be preserved. With universal suffrage, a free press, and the constitutional tendency of the French mind to run to an extreme, we have no doubt that, if order can be preserved, France will soon become as Democratic as could reasonably be desired.

In relation to the cruelties practised by the insurrectionists, we must be careful not to blame all for the deeds of a few—and yet where even a few are so diabolical, a large number must be more than inhuman. Men and women who can mutilate or poison their foes, must be kept in subjection at any cost. We may pity their degradation, and make full allowance for the associations by which they have been surrounded from infancy, but not the less must we treat them to a degree, like wild beasts, which we prevent from harming us, at any cost, notwithstanding ferocity is their nature.

## IMPORTANT DECISION.

A certain man devised to his widow all his property, "*provided* she remain a widow during her life; but in case she should marry again, my will is she shall leave the premises," &c.

Now the widow, thinking probably that if "single blessedness" be good, *double* blessedness must be better, united herself to a second husband. Whereupon the other heirs of the husband brought suit to oust her from the possession of the property, before Judge Lewis, at the June term of the Court of Common Pleas, at Lancaster. Judge Lewis decided that "the condition in restraint of marriage is void, and the second marriage of the widow does not divest her estate"—"that the principles of morality—the policy of the nation—the doctrines of the common law—the law of nature and law of God, unite in condemning as void the condition attempted to be imposed by this testator upon his widow." This, if we are not very much mistaken, is decidedly new doctrine.

## AGRICULTURAL.

The Annual Agricultural Exhibition of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture is to be held on the 5th and 6th of October, at the Rising Sun Village, near Germantown. It is announced thus early, in order to allow those who expect to contribute, to make the necessary arrangements.

## HAROLD.

When Mr. Bulwer published his "Lucretia, or the Children of the Night," we took occasion to express our opinion of that monstrosity, which professes to render mankind good and pure hearted by bringing them into intimate contact with evil and impurity. In common with ninety-nine in the hundred of the press of England and America, and among the very first, we condemned in the most unqualified terms the attempt of Mr. Bulwer to introduce his "Children of the Night" into the millions of cheerful, happy homes, where the noble language which Shakspeare and Milton spake, is the mother tongue. In so doing it was impossible to avoid censure of the author of "Lucretia," and so loud did the voice of popular reprobation swell, that Mr. Bulwer felt it necessary to justify himself and his book in one of the English Reviews—seemingly unconscious of the simple truth, that a book which does not justify itself, cannot be justified.

But we refer to this matter only to express our belief that to the public censure with which "Lucretia" was received, is in a great degree owing the healthy, noble spirit that breathes in every chapter of Mr. Bulwer's new novel, "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings." "Harold" will undoubtedly take its place among the best novels of the age, and of course in the first rank of those written by its author. It differs from many others of Mr. Bulwer's works, as the production of a matured mind may be expected to differ from that of a youthful and immature one. It has less glow and fire than Rienzi—that love of our boyhood—but manifests a more profound insight into the human heart, especially the heart of the matured man, the hero, the statesman, and the sage. It is in one word, more a book for *men*, than perhaps any Mr. Bulwer has written.

For "Harold" is something more than a mere novel; or, rather, it is more what a novel should be, than the general run of those captivating works. It is a history, true in all important points, of that great event, the conquest of England by the Normans. Mr. Bulwer has made himself master of the subject, and seems to have had access to some works not easily obtained by the common scholar. In "Harold" he has described the condition of England, both political and *social*, under the Saxons—and also the political and social condition of Normandy, under its great Duke. The characters of Harold and William evidently have been drawn with great care, and with a constant reference to historical facts.

The point upon which the interest of the work as a novel chiefly turns is this:—Harold is in love with "Edith the fair," but Edith is related to him by blood—and though the relationship is distant, yet it is within the limit of connection which rendered parties unmarriageable by the stern laws of the Romish Church. Harold, when Earl, betrothes himself to her, with the determination to win power in the kingdom and interest with the King, sufficient to procure an indulgence from the Pope.

But with this love to Edith becomes finally connected two other considerations. Harold, at his mother's solicitation, goes to the Court of William of Normandy, to prevail upon the Duke to release his brother and nephew who are held as hostages by the Norman. William, however, takes advantage of Harold's noble reliance upon his good faith, and detains him also. At length, under darkly hinted menaces of perpetual imprisonment, loss of his eyes, &c., Harold is prevailed upon to take an oath to support William's claim to the crown of England—an oath he never intends to keep—and thus gains his own and his nephew's liberty; the crafty Norman breaking his promise so far as Harold's brother is concerned, on the plea that he will keep him henceforth as hostage for Harold's performance of his oath.

Harold returns to England, and upon the death of King Edward, is unanimously chosen king by the Witan, or National Assembly of the realm. But his violated oath—although an oath wrung from him by force, and broken by the after fraud of William—weighs on his soul; and he would fain have a dispensation from the Pope to remove the burden. At this time his friends press upon him the necessity of cementing his power, by a marriage with "Aldyth," the daughter of a great rival house. This is the spiritual tragedy of the work. England being menaced by the Norman, and divided, it is urged imperatively upon him by his wisest counsellors and most devoted adherents, that *duty* requires the sacrifice of his own cherished feelings. It is also represented to him that it is in vain to hope to obtain two dispensations from the Pope in his favor—that if he obtains one setting aside his oath, it would be in vain to apply for another to allow his marriage with Edith. The result of the mental conflict is doubtful, until Edith is informed of the state of affairs—and then she, in the nobleness and purity of a true woman's unselfish and devoted nature, seeks access to Harold, and joins her solicitations to those of his friends:

"Oh, Harold!" she exclaimed, "dost thou remember that in the old time I said, 'Edith had loved thee less, if thou hadst not loved England more than Edith.' Recall, recall those words.—And deemest thou now that I, who have gazed for years into thy clear soul, and learned there to sun my woman's heart in the light of all glories native to noblest man—deemest thou, oh Harold, that I am weaker now than then, when I scarce knew what England and glory were?"

"Edith, Edith, what wouldst thou say? What knowest thou? Who hath told thee? What led thee hither, to take part against thyself?"

"It matters not who told me; I know all—What led me? Mine own soul, and mine own love!" Springing to her feet, and clasping his hand in both hers, while she looked into his face, she resumed; "I do not say to thee, 'Grieve not to part;' for I know too well thy faith, thy tenderness—thy heart, so grand and so soft. But I do say, soar above thy grief, and be more than man for the sake of men. Yes, Harold, for this last time I behold thee. I clasp thy hand, I lean on thy heart, I hear its beating, and I shall go hence without a tear."

* * * * * *

"Dost thou know," said the earl, striving to speak calmly, "dost thou know that it is not only to resign thee that they demand—that it is to resign thee, and for another?"

"I know it;" said Edith; and two burning tears, despite her strong and preternatural self-exaltation, swelled from the dark fringe, and rolled slowly down the colorless cheek, as she added, with proud voice, "I know it! but that other is not Aldyth, it is England! In her, in Aldyth, behold the dear cause of thy native land; with her enweave the love which thy native land should command. So thinking, thou art reconciled, and I consoled. It is not for woman that thou desertest Edith."

But we will only let our readers sufficiently into the secrets of the book, to whet their appetites, not to satisfy them. If they would know more, let them seek, and they shall find. We would caution our young lady readers, however, from imagining that they shall find in Harold what is commonly called a "love tale." There is love in it, as there is in life. But as in life there is much more to be done than mere "tilting with lips," so in "Harold" there is matter for solid, serious thought, as well as that which whirls the reader along with railroad speed, or laps him, by sympathy, in Elysium.

With one more quotation, the sentiment of which is as true as it is beautifully expressed, we conclude:

"It is the nature of that happiness which we derive from our affections to be calm; its immense influence upon our outward life is not known till it is troubled or withdrawn. By placing his heart at peace, man leaves vent to his energies and passions, and permits them to flow towards the aims and objects which interest labor or arouse ambition.—Thus absorbed in the occupation without, he is lulled into a certain forgetfulness of the value of that internal repose which gives health and vigor to faculties he employs abroad. But once mar this scarce felt, almost invisible harmony, and the discord extends to the remotest chord of our active being. Say to the busiest men whom thou seest in mart, camp, or senate, who seems to thee all intent upon his worldly schemes, 'Thy home is reft from thee—thy household gods are shattered—that sweet, noiseless content in the regular mechanism of the spring, which set the large wheels of thy soul into movement, is thine nevermore!'—and straightway all exertion seems robbed of its object—all aim of its alluring charm. 'Othello's occupation is gone!' With a start, that man will awaken from the sunlit visions of noontide ambition, and exclaim in his desolate anguish, 'What are all the rewards of my labor, now thou hast robbed me of repose? How little are all the gains wrung from strife, in a world of rivals and foes, compared to the smile whose sweetness I knew not till it was lost; and the sense of security from mortal ill which I took from the trust and sympathy of love!'"

## LEGAL BARBARITY.

There is a barbarity in the administration of the laws and in the legal decisions of a monarchical country, which the inhabitants of a Republic can hardly realize. For instance the Court of Queen's Bench, England, has recently decided against the legality of all marriages made with a deceased wife's sister. By this decision *all such marriages are cancelled and declared null and void—the wives are placed in the light of concubines, the children of such marriages declared illegitimate, and all hereditary rights and claims of property utterly abrogated.*

Without taking any ground either in favor of or against the propriety of marrying the sister of a deceased wife—though we confess we see not at this moment any reasonable objection to such marriages—we can but feel a flush of indignation at the interference of the law as above recorded. The judges, in the above case, seem to have considered it a slight matter, to declare the wives of thousands of their fellow citizens—fellow *subjects*, we mean—concubines, and their children illegitimate. In an arbitrary government every man who can exercise power, seems to be influenced by the very force of example, to exercise that power in a severe and arbitrary manner; while in a Republic, the mild and popular spirit of the government appears to influence all, down to the very constables and watchmen. "Like the master is the man," is an old and true proverb.

## SMALL POTATOES.

The New York Mirror was recently called, by its neighbor, the Herald, a "small potato," whereupon the Mirror thus soliloquises:

Small potatoes are very far from being bad vegetables—they are very good, what there is of them, and capable of producing large ones. A small potato is much superior to a big mushroom, or an overgrown squash. Small potatoes, too, are always sound to the centre, while large ones are almost always false-hearted. Viewing the subject in all its bearings, we cannot see but that to be likened to a small potato is decidedly complimentary.

## IRELAND.

The New York Tribune learns that T. F. Meagher, one of the leading Irish patriots, is coming to this country "to lay the story of Ireland's wrongs and the prospects of Ireland's disenthralment, before the American people."

Our readers know we have all along manifested strong sympathy with the oppressed people of Ireland; but we confess we are fast becoming indifferent to the subject. We are tired of listening to talk about Ireland's wrongs, and eloquent threats of what Irish patriotism *intends* to do, which are followed by no corresponding action. And this last movement of Mr. Meagher's, chronicled above, nearly fills the measure of our endurance. What have the people of this country to do with the matter, that a leading Irish patriot should come to talk to us about "Ireland's wrongs."

We should think if Ireland's condition be as bad as it is represented, she would require the services of Mr. Meagher at home. The idea that the people of the United States can give any really efficient aid to the cause of Irish liberty, is preposterous. If Ireland cannot work out her own political salvation, America cannot help her. By her own arm, or not at all, her freedom must be wrought.

## BLUNDERS.

Queer assertions appear in the papers sometimes. Thus a "Democrat," in the Ledger, of this city, calls upon his fellow Democrats to nominate Robert Fleming, of Lycoming, as the candidate of the party for Governor, "for," says he, his "name alone is a host *to our political opponents*." We think our Democratic friends would be better pleased to have a candidate whose name would be a host to his own party.

A Pittsburg paper, in an article upon the reception of the volunteers at Pittsburg, says of the address of Hon. W. Wilkins:

He spoke for a few moments in an unusually impressive style. We did not succeed in catching his words, but some of the ideas reached us.

How the writer could know that Mr. Wilkins "*spoke* in an unusually impressive style," and yet "not succeed in catching his *words*," (though "some of the *ideas*," it seems, reached him,) is a question easier asked than answered.

We allude to these blunders for the fun of it, not to find fault. Such errors will occur, both in the case of men who have no call upon them to write often for the press; and in that of editors and reporters, upon whom the *call* is continual for "copy, copy."

## ÆREOLITES.

As to the origin of meteoric stones, there are many conjectures. Some suppose them to come from volcanoes in the moon—others think they are thrown by volcanoes in the planets out of the reach of the attraction of those bodies, and wander about space until they come in contact with the attraction of the earth, which brings them down *kerwop*—others imagine they are engendered by the combination of various gases in the atmosphere—some have an idea that they are whisked off from the tails of the comets, as a boat is often thrown into the air by a toss from the tail of a whale—others (but these are heathen) regard them as the dread thunderbolts of Jove—while a great many others, and perhaps the wisest portion of the world, acknowledge that all these explanations are unsatisfactory, and confess that "there are more things in Heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in *their* philosophy."

## BABY JUMPERS.

The honor of another important invention, besides the magnetic telegraph, has been snatched from its claimant. It is ascertained, beyond doubt, that baby jumpers are as old as the prairies, and that our Indians are the original contrivers of that remarkable method of leaving children to take care of themselves.

So says a New York contemporary, and we embrace the occasion to add, that we can testify from personal observation, that baby jumpers are "all they are cracked up to be." We have a little fellow "to hum," as our Eastern friends say, who jumps in one of them till he laughs again. The fact is, the man who introduced baby jumpers, granting that he did steal the idea from the Indians, deserves the eternal gratitude of all mothers, and—a fine lot of bouncing babies of his own.

## MR. MITCHELL.

Mr. Mitchell, it appears from Bermuda advices, will not be placed on the public works until he recovers his health. He is suffering from asthma, and has now a small cabin allowed him on board a convict hulk. It is said that he dined with the captain of the steamer Scourge, on the whole passage out. If this be true, judging from a late speech of one of the English Ministry in the House of Commons, the captain of the Scourge will probably get his walking ticket, upon his arrival home. The Ministry seem determined to show no mercy. Probably for whatever kindness Mitchell has received, the credit should be given to the subordinate officers of the Government.

## THE VOLUNTEERS.

The returning volunteers are expected to arrive in Philadelphia on Monday next; great preparations are being made to receive them in a complimentary manner. Lieutenants Dutton and Hare, concerned in a murder in Mexico, arrived at Pittsburg last week, and put up at a respectable hotel, placing their names boldly upon the register. The proprietor, on learning who they were, ordered them to leave his house immediately. The same thing happened to them in New Orleans.

## SEA BATHING.

To secure safety in sea bathing, a correspondent of the Newark Advertiser recommends the attaching of long pieces of strong cord to stakes driven into the sand, the end of the cord to be made into a slipping noose and passed round the waist or under the arms at pleasure. Perhaps the better plan would be simply to tie the end to a stout stick, and depend upon keeping hold with the hands. Two or three persons might in fact, use the same line.

## A MAMMOTH SHEET.

In these exciting times, when the interests of our country readers imperatively require the publication of a large amount of Foreign News, much of which our city readers have already seen in their daily papers, the mammoth size of our sheet is a great advantage. We are thus enabled to satisfy our country friends, and give besides to our city subscribers even more miscellaneous reading than the *whole* of a common sized paper contains.

## GOOD, IF TRUE.

The Liverpool Mercury reports a rumor to the effect, that the Ministerial Budget is to be produced immediately, and that a startling feature is to be a reduction of the Royal Allowance, *proposed by the Queen herself!*

Such a movement on the part of little Vic, would almost amount to taking a fresh hold for her family, upon the British sceptre. If she is wise, she will do it.

## FATHER MATHEW.

The editor of the European Times has seen a letter from this Apostle of Temperance, in which he says he has perfectly recovered, and hopes to take his passage for America next month. Father Mathew has been very often disappointed in his efforts to come to America—may he be equally unlucky in trying to get away from us.

## NOT BAD.

The best toast we have seen lately was one handed in at the Fourth of July celebration of the inmates of the *Insane* Asylum, at Utica, New York. It was as follows:

Irish struggles for freedom—a little less *blarney* and a little more *grape*, Pat.

## THE NEW GOVERNOR.

The acting Governor of Pennsylvania, Hon. W. F. Johnston, intends, in due time, to issue a writ for the election of a Governor in October, as he considers that the language of the Constitution is imperative.

## DECLINED.

A Democratic cotemporary says that "Old Whitey" has declined the nomination for the Vice Presidency talked of by some. "When asked if he would consent to run for Vice President his answer was 'Neigh.' A sensible old horse that."

## RIGHT.

The War Department has dismissed the charges preferred against Gen. Scott by Gen. Pillow. The Department has shown its sense. Sufficient for the day is the *folly* thereof.

## EX-GOVERNOR SHUNK.

When last heard from, the Ex-Governor was extremely low. Little hope is entertained of his recovery.

# New Publications.

Brothers and Sisters. *By Fredrika Bremer. New York: Harper & Brothers.* We are pleased to announce to the thousands of admirers of that delightful writer, Miss Bremer, another novel, translated as usual by Mary Howitt. The original unpublished manuscript was sent to Mrs. Howitt, and from it this translation was made.—We have not had time yet to read "Brothers and Sisters," but hope to be able, after we have done so, to give it a more extended notice. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Price twenty-five cents.*

The Baronet's Daughter and Harry Monk. *By Mrs. Grey.* Mrs. Grey is the author of various novels, among which we may specify "The Duke and the Cousin," "The Little Wife," and "Sybil Lennard." The present volume is published by *T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia*, being one of his uniform edition of this author's works.

The Literary World.—One of the most valuable periodicals to literary men, that we know, is the "Literary World," published weekly by Osgood & Co., New York. It contains announcements and notices of new works—as also criticisms upon and extracts from the best of them. *C. F. Hoffman* is the editor. The price is three dollars a year.

Mirabeau: A Life History. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We are one of those who are willing to let a man of genius tell his story in his own way. We can read Thomas Carlyle, but only by without pausing every minute to find fault with his style, but with exceeding great pleasure at what is said, and the manner of saying it. But when dwarfs attempt to tread in the footsteps of giants, the length of their stride, so far from impressing the beholder with awe and wonder, only excites ridicule. The author of the present work, not only thinks Mr. Carlyle "the noblest and most original writer of this century," for which opinion we find no fault with him, but, either voluntarily or involuntarily, attempts to imitate him—and succeeds about as well as a monkey in imitating a man.

Apart from this matter of style, the book before us appears to contain a great deal of reliable information relative to Mirabeau. The author appears to have done his work in an honest, conscientious spirit. Mirabeau is one of his heroes, and he excuses him wherever an excuse is possible; but so long as facts are honestly stated, a sensible reader can form his own conclusions as to the merit or guilt of actions. Considering the important part acted by Mirabeau in the old French Revolution, the publication of his life at this moment is very opportune.

Graham's Magazine. Graham, for August, is an admirable number. The engravings are "The Departure," illustrative of a fine tale by Mrs. Stephens; "The Sisters," a beautiful picture, remarkable for the family likeness, and yet the difference between the two faces, such as we often see in nature; and a portrait of the late Maria Brooks, which looks as if "Maria del Occidente" had Indian blood in her veins. The literary contents of this number are by Griswold, Clark, Baker, Simms, Mrs. Kinney, Herbert, Mrs. Stephens, Street, Read, Taylor, Foster, &c.

Godey's Magazine. The August number of Godey is also an excellent one. The first plate is called (rather inaptly, we think,) "Heroes of Our Century." It contains portraits of Mrs. Stewart, Harriet Newell, Fanny Forester, Ann H. Judson, and E. B. Dwight. Then we have an engraving of "Two of the Upper Ten," illustrative of a capital story by Mr. Arthur—then a Scene in a Shoe Store,—and then, last and least of the steel engravings, a Fashion Plate. There are, however, in addition, various wood cuts, some of which, under the head of "Health and Beauty," look very much like an attempt in Mr. Godey, to initiate his lady readers into a skillful use of their hands and of "*rods*." Mr. Godey will turn out many a termagant, without he is careful. Such a picture of ladies making fists, and flourishing rods, is enough to frighten all the unmarried male portion of his readers out of the idea of matrimony.

The literary contents of this number are by Griswold, Grace Greenwood, Samuel D. Patterson, Miss Leslie, &c., &c.

Life and Writings of Cassius Marcellus Clay. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* There is probably no man in the United States, who has not received a party nomination for some important office, about whom the community at large have more decided opinions than C. M. Clay. He is admired and detested by numbers, but very few have "no decided opinion" about him. In the volume before us, we have the speeches, addresses, and newspaper articles of Mr. Clay—with a preface and memoir by Horace Greeley, to whom Mr. Clay dedicates the volume, as his "most trusting friend and ablest vindicator." For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

Ladies' National Magazine. The June number of the National contains two engravings, "Alice Linley," and a Fashion Plate. The contributors are Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. M. C. Whyte, Henry Morford, Rev. Sidney Dyer, &c. There is also a short sketch called "The Man of Prose and Man of Genius," illustrated, by Jacob Jones.

American Journal of Medical Sciences. *Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D.* The July number of this Quarterly contains a large number of articles, on subjects interesting to physicians. Published by *Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*

General Taylor Almanac, for 1849. Contains accounts of the various battles, in which General Taylor has been engaged. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Littell's Magazine. The last number of this Magazine is for sale by *Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.*

# Life in New York.

## LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

### NO. XIII.

*New York, July 17, 1848.*

Gentlemen:—One could almost be content to live confined in this fortress of sultry bricks, for the sake of a daily glimpse of the fresh and sparkling sheet of the bay, and an occasional trip to the breezy sea-side. New York is, in this respect, the most favored of all cities. The full broad tides of the Hudson and East Rivers, sweeping both sides of the island, mingle their purer air-currents with the exhalations of its crowded dwellings, and though they do not always penetrate our winding thoroughfares on a hot afternoon, they still create a continual draught and keep the lungs of the city free from oppression.

But if you are faint and languid, with your blood just simmering in the channels where it should leap like a stream of the hills,—if your brain is hazy and your ideas taking a siesta, while your hand writes of itself, as Charles Lamb quaintly says: "just as chickens run about a little after their heads are cut off"—then summon up sufficient energy to bear your frame to Pier No. 3, North River, and take the first boat for the shore. The movement of the steamer over the cool, translucent water, creates a breeze which soon fans you into a feeling of refreshing rest; the glorious shores on either side appeal to your sense of beauty, and by-and-by a stir of admiration creeps along your nerves and finds its way to your heart. Your eyes begin to brighten; you move to the side of the boat, and watch the spray sinking into a fringe of creamy foam along the swells which widen behind you. Now and then a sprinkle is thrown upon your face, as if some sly spirit of the water would challenge you to share in its life and sport, and it does not long challenge in vain.

Now the bluffs of the Narrows, with their green crests of foliage and vine-wreathed villas, rise on either hand; the brown walls of Fort Diamond throw their shadows over the deck, and in front the vast watery amphitheatre of the outer bay opens upon the boundless Atlantic. The swells roughen, and the winds are thrilled with the healing spirit of the brine. You may double Sandy Hook, and be set down at the Ocean House or Long Branch, sweep out eastward to the beach of Rockaway, or stop at the nearer and more plebeian Coney Island, whose white pavilions gleam in the sunshine among its ridges of white sand.

I made the latter trip, a few mornings ago, partly to breathe the sea-air for an hour, and partly to see a place which frequently figures so largely in the papers, on account of the deep laid schemes which have been undertaken to annex it to the United States! An army of occupation, made up of the invading Gothamites, takes possession of its territory every summer, but the "Governor" has thus far bravely resisted, and the clams, his subjects, indignant at the attempt, maintain a guerilla warfare, in which they suffer as severely as the other "natives." During my visit, a constant explosion was going on in the Pavilion, but whether of champagne, soda-water, or cannon, I did not venture to ascertain.

Coney Island, which lies just off the Long Island coast, opposite Sandy Hook, fronts directly on the ocean, and the Eastern gales which drift its sandy breast, come uninterrupted from Gibraltar and the Azores. There is no vegetation upon it but a kind of wiry grass, which pierces the sand, and a maritime evergreen shrub, growing in the bowl shaped hollows among the ridges,—except at the Eastern extremity, where the Atlantic Hotel stands, and a few trees have been bribed to grow. The sloping beach, two miles in extent, its ribbed lines of snow meeting the green ripples of the wave, is a glorious place to walk, and think; and a plunge into the surf is better than Turkish cosmetics to the complexion, mountain winds to the nerves, or German wine to the blood.

I could *expand* about the sea; but our friend "Grace" has said all that I could have said, of its freshness, its grandeur, its infinity. The most natural step from the sublime is—not to the ridiculous, but to the beautiful. I therefore ask of you to imagine six hundred girls, from the cherub of six to the timid maiden of sweet sixteen, clustered together in one charming group. Such was the sight I saw at the Commencement of Rutger's Female Institute. The bright, active intelligence of their faces was not contradicted by the character of the exercises. The compositions were polished and matured in style, and one or two bore marks of genuine creative fancy. The most interesting part of the ceremony was the awarding of the gold medals, and the audience could not help applauding heartily, as each fair victor bent modestly before the President, who hung the glittering prize around her neck by a white ribbon. Never maiden knight, I venture to say, whose spurs were buckled in the very fight where they were won, felt a more joyous pride than they.

I have heard M. Strakosch again; but I shall hardly attempt to express my delight, lest I run into the same fault I condemned in my last letter, and occasion you the same disappointment I expected to feel. He played, for the first time, an original Galop, called "The Storming of Monterey," which, to my ear,—ignorant of musical science, but alive to the *expression* of all great compositions—was far more stirring and sublime than De Meyer's "Marche Triomphale d'Isly." Above the thunder of cannon, and the shouts of conflicting hosts, the exulting beat of the melody was heard, now ringing out clear and strong in the pauses of the fight, and now treading with its sounding foot among the confusion of the squadron who "stormed home the towers of Monterey!"

The large hall fairly vibrated with the tones of the piano, and the extremes of the performer's style were beautifully contrasted in the succeeding piece, in which he imitated the sound of distant chimes so perfectly, that one seemed to hear them ring "a mile or more away."

Strakosch is only about twenty-four; not twenty-eight, as I supposed. He is tall and graceful in figure, and his features give marked signs of his Sclavonian origin. At the close of the concert, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Flowers were thrown upon the stage, and he was obliged again and again to appear, in answer to the calls. Happening to be in the room with some of his friends, I noticed a beautiful token of their enthusiasm. A lovely little girl, bearing a bouquet of the choicest flowers, came to the door, and timidly presented it. He pressed the delicate gift to his lips and seemed beside himself with joy, at the generous appreciation of his talent.

We hear of nothing and talk of nothing here but battle and bloodshed. People have not yet recovered from the intense excitement created by the late Paris news, and we have had, in addition, the solemn funeral ceremonies of the fallen New York officers, to remind us that spears are yet very far from being beaten into pruning hooks. It is wrong to doubt the final triumph of pure Christian principle, but we almost despair, in hearing of the fearful crimes of which the "Four Days of Blood" were witness. I have felt a most absorbing interest in the struggle—the more so from the fact that the street near the Sorbonne, in which I lived, was blocked up by the barricades of the insurgents and swept by the cannon of the National Guards. I greatly fear that citizen Lambert, my worthy host, may have met with a violent end. The splendid building on the Quai aux Fleurs, on which I used to read at night, from the opposite shore of the Seine, the letters of light—"La Belle Jardinière"—is a heap of ashes. The sunny Quai itself, fragrant in the cool March mornings, with fresh violet, jonquil and cowslip blossoms, is black, deserted and stained with gore. The aspect of Paris must be fearfully desolate at this moment.

The "Courrier des Etats Unis" appeared in mourning—over the fratricidal slaughter; and the grand "Banquet of Liberty," to have been held last Friday—the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile—is postponed to the 27th inst. "Ik. Marvel," the author of the delicious "Fresh Gleanings," which have been so much admired, is now in Paris, writing letters to the Courier and Enquirer of this city. Perhaps your readers may not be generally aware that his real name is Donald G. Mitchell, that he is a young man and a New Yorker. Further I know not.

I am glad to see in last week's "Post," Grace Greenwood's fine enthusiasm about the Greek Slave. I cannot agree with many critics that she (the Slave) might be called anything else, *without the chain*. Her form is the perfection of beauty and is clothed with purity as a divine robe, but the sculptor, by a sublime effort of his art, has through this but heightened the intense sympathy of the gazer with her fate. She is unconscious (if the word *must* be used) of the agony of her situation, only because her spirit is for the time removed from the conditions of its earthly being—because, in the isolation of its lofty trust, all else is as if it were not. It was a daring thought to embody this in marble, and I will not say that it is completely successful, (*could* it be?) But *if it were possible* for the divine grace of that form to be expressionless, is it not unsurpassably beautiful?—

Fairer than Aphrodite, when she beamed
On the rapt vision of Cleomenes—
Fair as immortal Phidias ever dreamed,
Wandering at night beside the Grecian seas!

J. B. T.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## SEVEN DAYS LATER

## BLOODY CONFLICT IN PARIS

Government Triumphant—Loss of Life, 8,000 to 10,000—The Archbishop of Paris, Six Deputies and Fourteen General Officers among the Slain—The Archbishop Slain while Proposing Peace to the Insurgents—Horrible Barbarities.

We were able to lay a condensed summary of the following important intelligence, brought by the Niagara, before a portion of our subscribers, last week; but we think the deep interest which is taken by Americans generally in the events of the French Revolution, warrants us in occupying a portion of our broad sheet with the full particulars of one of the most terrible conflicts that ever occurred between inhabitants of the same city.

The steamship Niagara arrived at Boston on the 12th. The conflict lasted four days, and resulted in the triumph of the Government.

The loss of life is estimated at from eight to ten thousand. Six Deputies and fourteen General Officers were among the killed. The Archbishop of Paris also lost his life.

### ORIGIN OF THE INSURRECTION.

Pursuant to their determination to diminish the number of workmen the Government directed that a draft of 3,000 of them, inhabitants of the provinces, should leave town on the 22d. They were supplied with money, and orders for board and lodging. They left town, but halted outside the barriers, and there spent a large share of their expenses. About 3 o'clock a body, amounting to 400, returned, and paid a visit to the Executive Government. M. Marie presented himself to hear their grievances. He was addressed by the chief, but M. Marie refused to hear him, as he had been amongst those who attacked the Assembly on the 15th of May, and he could not recognize him; then turning to the others, he said, "You are not the slaves of this man, you can explain your grievances." M. Marie entreated them not to be led into a rebellion, and assured them that the Government was occupied with the consideration of measures for the improvement of their condition. The delegates withdrew, but did not give an accurate account of their interview. On the contrary, they stated that M. Marie called them slaves. The laborers then commenced shouting, "Down with the Executive Commission!" "Down with the Assembly!" Some of them attempted to force into the Church of St. Sulpice, with the intention of ringing the tocsin, but the gates were closed to prevent them. Thence they proceeded to the quays, singing, "We will remain; we will remain!" They next proceeded to the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau, and stationed themselves on the Place de la Bastile, crying, "Vive Napoleon!"

### DETAILS OF THE INSURRECTION.

On Thursday night barricades were erected, and the National Guard turned out. The insurgents seized all that portion of the city about the Faubourg St. Antoine, and threatened the Hotel de Ville.

On Friday, there was some fighting, in which the insurgents were successful. Lamartine rode with the staff of Gen. Cavaignac to quell the insurrection, but without effect.

Artillery was used, but at night the insurgents had gained ground and strength.

On Saturday, the Assembly declared its session permanent. The Government resigned the supreme executive power, which was given to General Cavaignac, who declared Paris in a state of siege.

They declared that they should have been wanting in their duties and honor, had they withdrawn before sedition or a public peril; they only withdrew before a vote of the Assembly. Reports poured in every hour to the Assembly, and as the intelligence arrived of the slaughter of the National Guards, and the fall of one General after another, who were killed or wounded by the insurgents, the sensation became deep and alarming.—Various proclamations were issued by Cavaignac, to induce the insurgents to lay down their arms, but to no effect. The whole of Saturday was employed in desperate fighting, on both sides, except a lull during a frightful thunder storm. On the afternoon of Friday the conflicts were without intermission. On Saturday, however, the carnage and battles on the South of the river were horrible.

During the whole of Friday night, and until 4 o'clock on Saturday, the roll of the artillery, and the noise of the muskets was incessant. In this frightful state of things the Assembly betrayed not a little alarm. Deputations from the Assembly were proposed to go and entreat the combatants to cease this fratricidal strife, but all the successive reports proved that the insurgents were bent on only yielding up the struggle with their lives, and their valor was only surpassed by their desperate resolution.

On Saturday night the state of the Capital was awful. Troops were pouring in from the neighboring departments. The red flag of the Socialists was raised, and the fighting continued.

On Sunday, the President of the Assembly announced that the Government had completely succeeded in suppressing the revolt on the left side of the city, and that Gen. Cavaignac had given the insurgents on the right bank of the Seine till 10 o'clock to surrender. If they did not do so by that hour, preparations had been made to bring the heaviest artillery to bear upon them, and no doubt remained that the insurrection could be put down.

On Monday the re-inforcements General Lamoricière had received from Cavaignac enabled him to hem in the insurgents in the Eastern part of the city, but although reduced to extremities, they still fought with incredible valor. It was thought on Monday morning early that they would surrender, but again the hope that held out of the termination of the insurrection was not immediately realized.

At half-past 10 the fighting was resumed, and it was only after a frightful struggle of about two more hours that the Government troops, everywhere, prevailed, and the chief part of the insurrection being broken, the insurgents were either shot, taken prisoners, or fled into the country in the direction towards Vincennes.

The Eastern quarters comprising the *Faubourg St. Antoine, du Temple, Menilmontant* and *Popincourt*, were the last subdued. The last band took refuge in the celebrated Cemetery of Pierre la Chaise; but the Garde Mobile hunted them even from this sanctuary, and they were slaughtered in the neighboring fields.

On Tuesday the insurrection was definitely quelled. The loss of life had been terrific—no fewer than fourteen General Officers had been shot *hors du combat*. A greater loss than in the most splendid engagements of Napoleon. Amongst those who fell, were General Negrier, and Generals Duart and Brea. Generals Charbonnel and Randult, and others severely wounded, four or five members of the National Assembly killed, and as many more wounded; but the most touching death is that of the Archbishop of Paris.

The venerable Prelate on Sunday volunteered to go to the insurgents as a messenger of peace. Cavaignac said that such a step was full of danger, but this Christian pastor persisted. He advanced, attended by his two vicars, towards the barricades with an olive branch borne before him, when he was ruthlessly shot in his groin, and fell, mortally wounded. The venerable patient was ordered by the insurgents to the nearest hospital in St. Antoine, where he received the last sacrament, languished and has died.

The editor of the *Pere Duchesne*, M. Laroche, was shot in the head at the barricade Rochechort, where, in the dress of an *ouvrier*, he was fighting at the head of a party of insurgents. It will probably be never correctly ascertained to what extent the sacrifice of human life in this frightful struggle has reached. Some compute the loss on the side of the troops, at from 9,000 to 10,000 slain, but we hope this is exaggerated.

The number of the insurgents taken prisoners, exceeds 3,000. All the prisons are filled, as well as the dungeons and vaults of the Tuileries, the Louvre, Palais Royal, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Hotel de Ville. A military commission has already been appointed to try such as were found with arms in their hands, and they will probably be deported to the Marquesas Islands, or some transatlantic French Colony. A decree has been proposed with that object. We have not space to recount many acts of individual heroism.

Many soldiers exhibited sublime courage. On the other hand, the savage cruelty with which the insurgents waged war, almost exceeds belief.—They tortured some of their own prisoners, cut off their hands and feet, and inflicted barbarities worthy of savages. The women were hired to poison the wine sold to the soldiers, who drank it, reeled and died. It seems to be believed generally, that if the insurgents had succeeded in following up their most admirably concerted plans of operation, and have advanced their line and possessed themselves of the Hotel de Ville, and followed up their success along the two banks of the river, that the whole city would have been given up to pillage.—Indeed, the words *pillage* and *rape* are said to have been inscribed on one of their banners. Not less than 30,000 stand of arms have been seized and captured in the Faubourg St. Antoine alone.

Every species of artifice was employed to convey ammunition. The pails of the milk-women, the couches of the wounded and even the coffins of the dead, were found filled with gunpowder and cartouches. Large sums of money in gold and notes were discovered on the persons of men apparently in extreme poverty, and of young children. The women of Paris took a most active part in the struggle. They conveyed orders and signals through the hottest fire.

[From the London Times, June 28th.]

The City of Paris stands in the valley of the river Seine in such wise that whilst the most central part of the city occupies the islands and the strand of the river, the streets which diverge at right angles from this point rise by a somewhat rapid ascent to the high ground on each side of the valley.

The centre of the insurrection was established on the low ground by the river. Its wings rested on the opposite heights. The Hotel de Ville was the most advanced post in front; but all the narrow streets and the quays from that building to the Faubourg St. Antoine were in the hands of the insurgents. The attack was carried on upon this point by General Duvivier; but such were the preparations of resistance made, that, according to the written statement of the Mayor of Paris to the National Assembly, the whole district was converted into a vast fortress, which could only be reduced stone by stone.

The streets were barricaded, the windows were lined with mattresses, behind which a murderous fire was poured down on the troops, and a gangway of internal communication had been opened from house to house, which supplied ammunition or means of escape to the besieged. The progress of the forces from this point was accordingly very slow, and it was in the rear of this position that the final stand of the insurrection was made on Monday afternoon—but the operations were carried on with equal skill and courage at the two wings, for that term may strictly be applied to the position which the insurrection had assumed.

On the left bank of the Seine, the left wing extended to the Pantheon, by the steep and narrow line of the *rue St. Jaques* which was completely barricaded and even fortified with cannon. The attack on this position alone cost fifteen hours hard and uninterrupted fighting; yet it was the first which was reconquered by the troops. The attack upon the right wing, which extended to Clos St. Lazare, was conducted by Lamoricière, who gradually forced his way on the third day to the barriers, and then effected his junction with the central division of Gn. Duvivier.

It may be inferred from the regular distribution of the insurrectionary forces, that their plan was to exhaust the troops by a fruitless attack on the barricades, and then to assume offensive operations by an advance of the two wings upon the National Assembly at the west end of Paris—so as to place the Government between two fires and reduce it to inevitable destruction. The extent of organization which the execution of such a plan—extending over a line of several miles in length and maintained for the last four days—discloses, is perfectly inconceivable.

They carried off the wounded; some of them perished in the barricades or fired from the houses on the soldiers, while some are even reported to have inflicted the most refined barbarities upon their wretched fellow-citizens, who had fallen prisoners into their hands, none were spared by the chances or the indiscriminating fury of this general slaughter.

So vast and horrible a desolation, wrought in the heart of a city, by the hands of her own citizens, the world has not witnessed in the whole survey of historic memory; and the arms of a stranger and an enemy would have been devoted to eternal infamy if they had inflicted so awful a chastisement on the great city of Paris. None but herself could punish her iniquities, or inflict her doom.

[From the London Times, June 29.]

The position of the insurgents throughout the line, I have mentioned, was immensely strong. The barricades in advance of the barriers were as formidable as regular engineers could have constructed them. The houses covering them occupied the means of passing from one to the other. The tall houses of the barriers were occupied by them, and the windows removed of the houses on the side of the wall, moreover, in the possession of the rebels, and manned with marksmen.

What formed, however, the strength of the position was the perforation of the walls of the city, which is twelve or fourteen feet high, at intervals of eight or ten yards, and the creation by that means of several hundred loop-holes. When those who have been at Waterloo learn that for more than a mile, the wall of the city of Paris was as profusely furnished with loop-holes as was the garden wall of the Hougomont, they will easily imagine how formidable was the obstacle it presented.

When they shall bear in mind that the barricades in advance were composed of paving stones of a hundred weight each, or of the cut stones for the hospital in process of erection, and that they were protected by houses, adjoining to or commanding them, and that as occasion presented itself throughout Saturday and Sunday, a constant, unerring and deadly fire was kept up on the assailants, by an almost invincible garrison, they will not be surprised at the prolonged resistance, nor at the immense loss of life amongst the troops and National Guards that unfortunately occurred.

What will be the astonishment of all the world, and the feelings of all military men in particular, when they are told that the whole of these works were defended by between eighty and one hundred and fifty ruffians; the largest number stated was four hundred. How many of the insurgents were killed on Sunday, at the barrier Rochechouart, think you, while the loss of the armed force was more than one thousand? Two!

One of them was shot through the brain while firing through a loop-hole not six inches in diameter. Five were wounded; they ran from loop-hole to loop-hole with the agility of monkeys. They only left the cover of the high wall to seek ammunition, of which they had only a scanty and precarious supply.

I was shown the mark of the crucible under the wall, where they melted lead for bullets during the fight. They even attempted to fabricate gunpowder. Against these men were brought as fine an army and as serviceable a park of artillery as the world could produce, and nothing less would have sufficed to dislodge them. The position had been turned, and they had been attacked in the rear.

Let us recollect, however, also, that on eight hundred other points of Paris the troops were occupied in contending with the rebels at the same moment, and how this must have embarrassed the Generals; that the usual means of obtaining information was not available, nor when information was obtained, to be relied on.

When these facts shall be taken into consideration, there will not be so much surprise of the offensive and defensive effects of the rebels, who, though comparatively few in number, were intimately acquainted with the ground, strongly fortified, and supported by the sympathies and the positive co-operation of the whole population of the continuous line of towers that border the Boulevards.

[From the London Globe, Second Edition, June 26.]

The new Ministry does not give universal satisfaction. Of course many persons complain of the retention in power of four of the old Ministers, viz:—Recurt, Carnot, Beaumont and Bastide, and ask why M. Thiers is not named. They also complain that what is called the clique of the *National* has still the ascendancy, and mention as a proof the nomination of Admiral le Blanc as Minister of the Marine.

As to the composition of the new Ministry the only real bad nomination is that of Carnot. This man is almost as objectionable as Ledru Rollin, for his circulars when they were in power together before the elections were as violent as those of Ledru Rollin, as it seemed have been written by the same hand.

As to Recurt he is really an honest, well-meaning republican. For twenty years he has enjoyed an unsullied reputation in private life, and none of his acts have brought odium upon him. Bethmont, the Minister of Justice, is also an honest man and a moderate Republican.

Bastide, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, although long suspected of a tendency to red Republicanism, behaved nobly in the affair of Louis Blanc. He was the only Minister who had the courage and the honesty to demand the arrest and trial of that mad demagogue.

The appointment which gives most satisfaction, is that of Gen. Lamoricière as Minister of War—first, from the esteem that is entertained for him; secondly, from his being the brother-in-law of M. Thiers, which leads to the supposition that Cavaignac intends, in due season, to avail himself of the talents of the brother-in-law; and third, not least, because the appointment proves that Cavaignac is above all jealousy.

The conduct of Lamoricière, in the late insurrection has made him so popular, that if Cavaignac had not a noble mind, he would not have admitted such a rival of popular favor into the Cabinet. Carnot cannot remain long in office, public opinion is too much against him; it was even doubtful, yesterday, whether he would be named. Cavaignac hesitated long between him and M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, who, or M. Victor Hugo, will probably take his place.

The National Guard and the Line have resolved to insist upon a rigid inquiry into the causes of the late insurrection, and every hour adds to their irritation on this subject. It has been discovered that telegraphic despatches to the Provinces for reinforcements, were not sent off with proper rapidity, and it is even reported that others of a different character, forged, it is said, were forwarded, but these are reports to which implicit credit must not be attached. The arrest of Ledru Rollin, Lamartine, and Flocon, are generally spoken of to-day, but up to the post hour I could not ascertain that they were true. It is the general opinion, however, that no time ought to be lost in securing them.

Barbes made quite sure of being released by his friends, both on Friday and Saturday last. Since his confinement at Vincennes, up to that time, he had been very negligent of his person, but on Friday and Saturday he was *en grande toilette*, and was anxiously listening to every sound. As to Albert, he declared that he should be in Paris on Friday evening, and that the insurgents had prepared for him a high post of command.

We begin now to conceive the danger in which we were placed a few days ago. It is ascertained that the insurgents had resources, and that they had even prepared several hundred Congreve rockets, for an attack on the districts of Paris in which the persons most opposed to them (viz: the first and second arrondissements) reside.

The moderate Republicans begin to think that the Republic is safe, and it is but right to assure you that men of the greatest influence, who were anti-republican only a few days ago, now express a hope that a victorious Republic will be established—it is, they say, the only chance of restoring domestic peace. They demand, however, very strict and stern measures against some of the clubs and the incendiary press; if these be not put down, all order will be impossible—the state of siege cannot last forever, and with the least encouragement, anarchy will again raise itself.

The great bankers have had a meeting to-day to devise means to assist M. Goudchaux, the new Minister of Finance, and provide a capital for the employment of the working classes. Every effort will be made to prevent a creation of paper money, but it seems impossible to do without it, as there must be new taxes upon those who are called rich, but who, in the present state of things, have almost as little as the poor. The pay of the Ateliers Nationaux has been resumed to keep the men from starvation and desperation, but they are to be immediately reorganized and compelled to productive labor.

The Bourse has been quite animated to-day—the funds have risen two per cent. since the closing prices before the insurrection. If our Ministers have but the skill to take proper advantage of the confidence that is reposed in them, matters will again come round.

Latest from 3d edition London Sun, June 30th, 7, P. M. The Constitutional states that among the mass of papers found in the lodgings of Lieut. De Flotte, were discovered several letters from Lamartine, together with a passport signed by him, and another by Louis Blanc. Orders have, it is said, been given for the arrest of Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Caussidiere and La Grange.

Contrary to general expectation, the provinces had been generally quiet; the only exception has been the Marseilles. An *emeute* broke out there on the 22d, barricades were formed, and after a loss of fifty National Guards killed by the insurgents, the barricades were successively carried, and the movement put down. With the exception of a small portion of the National Railway, where the rails were taken up, all the postal communications had been maintained.

The latest advices disclose some frightful scenes of large bodies of prisoners being shot in various attempts to escape. The National Assembly seem wound up to a high state of excitement.

Upon the debate, if it may be so called, upon the decree to transport the five or six thousand prisoners taken, Caussidiere burst into a loud imprecation against their cruelty, and from the tone of the speakers no doubt exists that the insurgents were supported by the *Montagnards* of the Assembly. Already several legions of the National Guards have been disarmed by Cavaignac. He has been empowered to form a new Ministry. The following Ministry have been appointed:

| | |
|---|---|
| General Cavaignac, | President. |
| Bethmont, | Justice. |
| Bastide, | Foreign Affairs. |
| Senard, | Home Department. |
| Lamoricière, | War. |
| Le Blanc, (not Louis Blanc) | Marine. |
| Goudchaux, | Finance. |
| Recurt, | Public Works. |
| Tourret, | Commerce. |

Gen. Cavaignac has appointed Changarnier, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of Paris, and Gen. Bedeau, Governor of Paris. The National Assembly has this day to elect a President in the place of M. Senard, and M. Dufaure has been started as the candidates of the Moderates.—The Committee of Inquiry into the conspiracy, and its connection with that of the 15th of May, sits in permanence, adjourning only for short intervals.

During the day, Athas addressed a circular to the law officers of the Republic throughout France, requiring them to send with the utmost expedition the telegraphic despatches that they received, the documents which they have in their hands, and, in a word, all the political information which has any relation to these two events, and also the result of such inquiries as they may be enabled to make.

### STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

The Government, it is said, was quite aware for some days previously, that the insurrection was about to break out, and the Minister of War consequently gave orders for the fresh supply of troops to be sent to the capital, which orders were to be transmitted to the military authorities in the provinces by telegraph.

These orders, it seems, were never sent, and as the telegraph is in the department of the Minister of the Interior, it remains with him to say why they were suppressed. Some of the insurgent prisoners do not hesitate to assert that they have friends in the Government who would have moved in their favor had an opportunity occurred. This may account for the manner in which the insurgents were allowed to complete the barricades without interruption.

One of the principal prisoners, M. de Flotte was found to have in his possession a *laissez* paper in the hand-writing of M. de Lamartine, and another in that of M. Louis Blanc. Several letters from M. de Lamartine were seized at his house. It is now ascertained that at one time the insurrectionists were as near as possible gaining the victory.

### FURTHER DETAILS.

One hundred thousand insurgents were on the one side, and 250,000 troops and National Guards on the other. All the anarchist journals are suppressed. The Presse and the Reforme are also suppressed. M. de Lamartine and Arago headed detachments of the National Guards, and boldly advanced on the barricades. M. Laraigne, one of the editors of the Commerce, and an associate of Soubrier, was arrested on Monday. M. Watrin, Lieut. Colonel of the 6th Legion, was arrested after having been admitted to the conference on the plan of the attack. He was taken in the ranks of the insurgents.

The 8th, 9th and 12th Legions of the Paris National Guards, and *La Chapelle, Belleville*, and other National Guards of the *Banlieue*, were disarmed on Tuesday. Napoleon Lebon, and Kersosie, both chiefs of the insurrection, have been arrested. The rallying sign of the insurgents was a small *osier* wand which each of them kept concealed in his sleeve. Those borne by the chief were forked at the end. Evidence has been obtained that besides their general plan of operations, the insurgents had a revolutionary government organised.

The Military Commission, in session at the Palace of the Tuileries, has already examined upwards of 300 prisoners, all of whom were in possession of pieces of gold. Some of them had each five Louis-d'ors. We saw a box of full of money which had been taken from the insurgents. Several of the prisoners, when asked by the Judges why they did not surrender before, replied—"We had to earn the money which had been given us."—None of them have as yet betrayed the names of the infamous instigators of this terrible plot.

The following account of the termination of the insurrection is from the Paris National, dated Monday morning, 6 o'clock:—

The barricades on the Rue Grande de Ville and Rue d'Angouleme, had been carried, and the insurgents retreated into the Faubourg Montmentant and Popin le Court.

About 11 o'clock, the Garde Mobile and the line occupying the canal, dashed into the Faubourg Montmentant by order of General Lamoricière, and effected a junction with Gen. Perrot, who commanded the troops in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The battalion of the National Guard, beyond the canal, was ordered to maintain their position until fresh orders. The cannon and the howitzers having arrived, they were placed in position and prepared to fire. The insurrection thus concentrated, was surrounded on all sides by imposing, and no doubt existed but that it would speedily be crushed.

Gen. Cavaignac had ordered up a regiment of engineers, from Arras, with all the materials necessary for a seige. All was therefore ready for a last attack. Gen. Lamoricière, whose energies and activity were unremitting, and who exposed himself to every danger, only waited for the attack in the Faubourg St. Antoine to commence.

Gen. Cavaignac, whose prudence equalled his energy and firmness, wishing to avoid bloodshed, had sent a last summons to the insurgents to surrender. Their answer was anxiously expected, and Gen. Lamoricière counted the minutes. At last a message reached himself from the Assembly, saying that the insurgents had surrendered, and that the Faubourg St. Antoine was occupied by the National Guard and the troops.

At this news the officers and soldiers walked around Gen. Lamoricière, uttering cries of "Vive la Republique," pressed him in their arms, and thanked him for his noble and brilliant services.

[From the Second Edition of the European Times.]

Further accounts from Paris state that several changes had taken place in the new ministry, Admiral L. Blanc declined the offer of Minister of Marine, and M. Bastide, Minister of Foreign Affairs, had been appointed in his place. Gen. Bedeau had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Marie, late member of the Executive Government, is appointed President of the Assembly.

The Democrat Pacifique, of the 20th ult., which strongly recommended Gen. Cavaignac as the future President of the Republic, was extensively circulated in Paris. Every representative, as he entered the Assembly, had a copy thrust into his hand.

Assassinations take place in great numbers in the quarters where the discontented population reside, and generally at night in the streets. The insurgents, although conquered, are by no means subdued, and it is not improbable but that they may attempt to renew the struggle. At present, however, they confine their attempts to poisoning and secret murders.

Courts Martial were being held on the prisoners as rapidly as possible.

At the meeting of the Assembly on Thursday, 3,000,000 francs were voted to the National Guards, and 1,000,000 to the Garde Mobile.

The son of General Merier, was nominated sub-lieutenant in the seventh regiment of the line, and a pension of 3,000 francs a year given to the widow Nevertask, and to the children of the General.

On one of the insurgents was found the draft of a decree, written in pencil:—

"Article 1. All the citizens who pay more than 200 francs in taxes, shall be deprived of their civil and political rights for ten years.

"Article 2. All the property, both real and personal, belonging to citizens who have exercised public functions of any nature since 1815, is confiscated.

"Article 3. The Constitution of France is that of 1793.

"Article 4. The army is disbanded."

The Memorial de Rouen says, yesterday morning, when the roll of the liberated convicts in surveillance at Rouen were called over, it was found that eight hundred were absent. This is a very significant fact.

The estimates of the killed and wounded during the conflicts in Paris vary materially. Some accounts give 35,000 as the total on both sides, whilst others give only 10,000. The number will, we have no doubt, exceed 15,000. Only 40,000 insurgents, it now appears, were engaged in the struggle.

### DETERMINED COURAGE OF THE INSURGENTS.

At a proof of the forbearance of the troops, and the desperate recklessness of the populace, we give a brief description of an attack made by a large battalion of the National Guards on a barricade in the Porte St. Denis:

On the appearance of this battalion, the insurgents, taking it for a regiment of the line, and hoping to shake the fidelity of the regular troops, raised a shout of "Vive la Ligne!" but on finding their mistake, most of them fled. There remained only seven men and two women, who fought desperately. One of the men, who held a flag in his hand, was the first to fire; his companions followed his example, and the National Guards returned the fire. The man who carried the flag fell dead. One of the females, a young woman neatly dressed, picked up the flag, and leaping over the barricade, rushed towards the National Guards, uttering language of provocation. Although the fire continued from the barricade, the National Guards, fearing to injure this female, humanely abstained for some time from returning it, and exhorted her to withdraw. Their exhortations, however, were vain, and at length self-preservation compelled them to fire and she was killed. The other female then advanced, took the flag, and began to throw stones at the National Guards. The fire from the barricade had become feeble, but several shots were fired from the sides, and from the windows of houses, and the National Guards, in returning the fire, killed the second female.

At last only one man remained at the barricade, but he kept up a constant discharge. One of the National Guards left the ranks, sword in hand, and rushing to the barricade, turned aside the musket of this man just as he was about to fire again, and took him prisoner. The capture of the barricade did not put an end to the combat. A galling fire was poured upon the National Guards from detached parties of the insurgents, and from the windows of the houses of which they had taken forcible possession. The number of killed on this point is estimated at about twenty on both sides. The number of wounded was also considerable.

M. Arago made every effort throughout the day to prevent a collision. All the troops and the National Guards showed the greatest intrepidity and the most admirable devotedness.

"*To the Insurgents, in the Name of the National Assembly.—General Cavaignac.*—Citizens,—You imagine you are fighting for the interests of the workmen; it is against them you fight, and it is on them alone will fall all the blood which has been spilt. If such a contest can be prolonged, one must need despair for the future of the Republic, the triumph of which we all desire to secure. In the name of the ensanguined Republic, in the name of the Republic which you are endangering, in the name of that labor which you demand, and which was never refused to you, deceive the hopes of our common enemies, lay down your fratricidal arms, and confide in the Government which, if it cannot be ignorant that there are among you criminal instigators, remembers also that your ranks comprise but brethren who are led away, and whom it calls back into the arms of the country. GEN. CAVAIGNAC."

### HORRID BUTCHERIES BY BOTH THE TROOPS AND THE INSURGENTS.

A dreadful act of butchery was committed on this day (Saturday) by the insurgents at one of the barricades in the Faubourg St. Germain. They had taken five of the Garde Mobile prisoners, and held them apart without injury. Hearing, however, that the troops of the line were coming down in force, they determined to abandon the barricade, but at the same time they came to another terrible determination, which they forthwith carried into execution—they cut the throats of the five prisoners! The lifeless bodies of the unfortunate lads, for none of them had exceeded the age of eighteen, were found still warm when the troops of the line and a party of the Garde Mobile came up.

This act had the effect of exciting the most intense exasperation, and particularly amongst the Garde Mobile. 1,500 of the insurgents had surrendered on the Place du Pantheon. These men were being led across the garden of the Luxembourg, when a large body of the Garde Mobile, who were then guarding the palace and the gardens, being unable to restrain their desire of vengeance for their murdered comrades, sent a volley into the body thus passing, and killed upwards of 100.

Prisoners were brought in from time to time to the building in which the National Assembly sits. Amongst one batch of twenty-five was a young girl dressed in male attire, who was most active in supplying ammunition to the insurgents.

### NINE HUNDRED INSURGENTS SHOT BY THE TROOPS.

On Monday evening, five hundred insurgents, who were captured at the Clos St. Lazare, were shot on the spot, and four hundred more next morning. The struggle had been incredible, and the military executions almost unparalleled. The Colonel who replaced General Duvivier, in the command of the district of the Hotel de Ville, and who was promoted to the rank of General de Brigade for his bravery, is said to have fallen under the balls of the insurgents.

Two Lieutenants of the 12th Legion of the National Guard were made prisoners on the barricades. Three women, dressed as cantinieres, were arrested in the neighborhood of the Assembly, for having sold poisoned brandy and wine to the troops. Several of the soldiers have died from the effect of the liquors thus given to them.

### DECREE OF TRANSPORTATION ON THE INSURGENTS.

The President has proposed to the Assembly a project of law pronouncing transportation on all persons taken with arms in their hands, which had been adopted. The proposal passed unanimously. The families of the convicts will be allowed to go with them.

### INSURGENTS' APPEAL.

The following appeal was posted on Monday by the insurgents:

"Aux Armes.—We wish the Republic democratic and social. We will the sovereignty of the people. All citizens of a Republic should not and cannot will any other. To defend this Republic, all must concur. Numerous democrats who understand this have come out within these two days. This holy cause reckons already many victims; we are all resolved to avenge them or die. *Alerte, Citoyens!* let no one fail to this appeal. In defending the Republic we defend property. If a blind obstinacy find you indifferent before so much blood that has been shed, we will all die beneath the burning ruins of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Think of wives and children and join us."

### ARREST OF EMILE DE GIRARDIN AND THREATENED ATTACK ON LOUIS BLANC, BY THE NATIONAL GUARDS.

M. Emile de Girardin, proprietor and editor of the *Presse*, was arrested and taken before the Prefecture of Police. Seals have been put on the offices, and the presses, &c., seized. Later accounts state that M. de Girardin has been released from prison.

In the evening Louis Blanc was passing along the Boulevards on foot between two representatives, when he was recognized by the piquets of National Guards who occupied that post. Hostile cries were soon uttered against him, as being the author of the unhappy occurrences which are now devastating the capital. But for the intervention of some National Guards he would have been submitted to punishment on the spot. A carriage was obtained, and after he was mounted, the horse was flogged into a gallop to carry M. Louis Blanc from the imprecations of the bystanders.

### APPEARANCE OF THE CITY.

It is impossible to conceive the state of the Quarter St. Antoine. More than fifty houses are entirely destroyed by the artillery, and a much larger number have suffered considerably. On the Place de la Bastille the disasters are not less. The column of July has been injured. The warehouse known as "La Belle Fermiere" is completely destroyed.

The Faubourg St. Antoine presents a still more sinister aspect. There is not a house which has not suffered more or less by the cannonade. The inhabitants of this unhappy faubourg appear in consternation. The greater number submit with eagerness to the search for arms which the insurgents have abandoned. Cries of vengeance are very rare, and those of misery prevail.

From the Place de la Bastille, along the Boulevards, to the Porte St. Denis, the disasters are most horrible. The windows of the greater part of the houses are shattered to pieces.

Our advices, dated from Paris, on Wednesday, state that the appearance of Paris was still very melancholy. From the vast number of casualties in the course of the four days during which the insurrection lasted, almost every one had lost father, husband, brother or friends. In every street women appeared in deep mourning, with all the signs of deep affliction. Vast numbers of the National Guards were missing, and the doubt as to their fate is almost more painful than the certainty of the worst. In every church funeral services were going on from morning till night, and the same sorrowful symptoms of the evils of civil war must necessarily continue unabated for several days. The number of the dead and wounded to be still seen carried along the different streets, was extraordinary. All the women, from the highest to the lowest, were busy preparing lint for the hospitals.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

The British ministers had a majority of fifteen upon the sugar question.

The general condition of England is pacific. All tendency to violent and tumultuous assemblages of the working classes having altogether subsided.

From Austria we learn that Vicenza has been returned to the Italians, that Padua has capitulated to the Austrians, that Trieste has been placed in a state of blockade, and that the Lombardy army has been defeated in an engagement near Verona.

A formidable Chartist movement has been commenced in Spain.

It is rumored that the Austrian army has been ordered to invade Prussia.

There is little doubt that an immense force is on the march for Poland.

There is a prospect of the speedy termination of the Germanic war, and the establishment of peace. The draft of a new Constitution has been proposed, and is likely to be approved of.

The disturbances which broke out in Marseilles on the 22nd ult. have been quelled.

The departments of France generally are tranquil.

The rebellious disposition of a great portion of the people of Greece has been completely subdued.

The Danes still continue to make reprisals at sea upon Prussia. Late accounts justify the hope of a settlement of existing difficulties.

### IRELAND.

The arming movement goes on with unabated vigor. Thousands are weekly flocking to the clubs, and the government appears to be unable to devise a check. The League has not yet been effected, but its formation is daily looked for. The Jacobite press, headed by the "Irish Felon," revels in undisturbed sedition.

Little doubt is now entertained by any party, that a considerable physical force movement will be made in the autumn.

## LATEST NEWS.

The New York Courier and the Herald, have telegraphic despatches from London, dated July 1st, containing one day's later intelligence from Europe. We extract from them the following items:

Paris, Friday Evening, June 30.

The city of Paris is tranquil.

The new government gives satisfaction, and the new Minister of Finance entirely disapproves of the plans of his predecessor.

More arrests are daily taking place. Fifteen hundred prisoners are confined in one prison, without even straw to lie upon.

Typhus fever of the most malignant character is breaking out amongst them.

M. Lalanne, director of the National workshops, was arrested yesterday. M. Emile de Girardin is in secret confinement. The *Moniteur* contradicts the arrest of Lalanne. The weekly returns of the Bank of France have not appeared this morning. None of the theatres are open—many of them are turned into temporary hospitals. Raspail, the editor of Sobrier's paper, the *Commune de Paris*, has been arrested. It appears that the report of the Count de Narbonne being shot was a mistake; the person shot was named Lecompte, from Narbonne.

London, July 1—A. M.

In the House of Commons, last night, Mr. Bright brought forward a resolution in opposition to the government plan, declaring that it was inexpedient to alter the sugar duties bill of 1846. He was defeated by a majority of 302 against 36.

The Venetian Government, with the consent of Lombardy and the Pope, had placed Gen. Pepe at the head of the troops assembled at Venice from all parts of Italy, to wage war against the Austrians.

It is reported, but we cannot state by what authority, that the Austrians have taken Venice.

A letter from Rome, dated June 21, has just come to hand. It states that the Upper Chamber at Rome has, in conformity with the lower one, adopted the resolution to continue the war. It is said that corps of volunteers are forming in every part of the Roman State of Tuscany, and a new body set out from Florence on the 21st, after having been reviewed by the Grand Duke.

A decree in the Vienna Gazette, states that the Austrian Government has determined on levying an income tax at the rate of five per cent. on amounts varying from £100 to £300. The last accounts from Amsterdam, report the Bourse reopened with a rise in prices. Dutch and Russian both improved.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, July 1.—Unusually large supply the last few days, has had its effect upon our market. But the further disturbance in France, and the fears that order might not speedily be restored in Paris, nor preserved in Germany, gave the alarm to every one, checking and destroying confidence in every market. Cotton had already sunk so low in price that it required some strong reason to reduce it materially lower. Accordingly, the decline in prices this week is confined to ordinary and middling American; fair to good being scarce, and in demand for export, steadily supported at former quotations.

Fair Upland and Mobile stand at 4d., and fair Orleans at 4½d. 1,500 American taken on speculation, and 1,170 American and 2,550 Pernambuco for export. Sales for the week, 28,830 bales. Imports, 152,077 bales. Stock in Liverpool, 190,960 bales more than in 1847; average weekly consumption from 1st January, 25,441 bags; last year, 23,019.

| | Ord. to Mid. | Fair to Good | Good to Fine |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sea Island | 7 a 8d | 9½ a 11d | 12 a 16d |
| Stained | 3½ a 4 | 5 a 5½ | 6 a 6½ |
| Bowed Ga. | 3¼ a 3¾ | 4 a 4¼ | 4½ a 5 |
| Mobile | 3 a 3¾ | 4 a 4½ | 4½ a 5 |
| Ala. & Tenn. | 2½ a 3½ | 3½ a — | — a — |
| N. Orleans | 2¾ a 3½ | 4½ a 5½ | 5½ a 6½ |

LIVERPOOL CORN MARKET, July 1st.—On the 27th, Wheat receded 2d. per 70 lbs. Fresh American and Irish Flour being scarce, was in fair request, and commanded extreme rates. Best W C and Richmond Flour 28s. a 28s. 6d., Philadelphia and Baltimore 28s. a 28s. 6., N. O. and Ohio 26s. a 27s. 6d., Canadian fine 27s. a 28s., superfine 29s. a 29s. 6d. For Indian Corn some inquiry for Irish account, which importers met by a concession of 2s. per qr., resulting in business to a tolerable extent. Corn Meal dull, and is a 1s. 6d., per barrel cheaper. Yesterday, June 30, Wheat in retail demand at previous prices; Flour also brought quotations of 27th, and Indian Corn sold at 29s. a 30s. for mixed and white, and 32s. for yellow. Indian Corn Meal sold slowly at 13s. a 13s. 6d. per bbl.

☞ It is said that about a hundred insurgents took refuge in the catacombs, where they have lost their way, as voices have been heard from different parts of them crying out for help.

# United States SATURDAY POST.

## Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1848.


### THE POTATO ROT.

The potato rot has made its appearance with much virulence in various quarters of the country since the late rains. It is mentioned in the Newburyport Herald as being in that vicinity, also on Long Island, and in Montgomery and Bucks, in this State.

The following remedy for the rot we find among our exchanges:

"A perfect cure for the potato disease has at last been discovered, and applied to the crop in Germany. Dr. Klotsch, of Berlin, has received a reward of $1,400 from the Prussian Government, for the discovery. The same manner of preventing the disease was discovered nearly at the same time, by the celebrated Professor Leibig, but Dr. Klotsch has tested it for the space of three years, successfully, and on a large scale. The plan is to pinch off about half an inch from the top of the plant, when it has reached a height of six to nine inches, and to repeat the same operation ten or eleven weeks after the time of planting, on all the stems of the plant."

### POLITICAL ITEMS.

Henry A. Wise made a Cass speech on the 4th at Yorktown. He accepts the nomination of Presidential Elector.

Including Delaware, the South has a political preponderance of two votes in the Senate, or in other words, there are 30 Senators from the slaveholding States, and 28 Senators from the free States.

In New Hampshire the people voted, 17,804 to 12,174, in favor of a law to prohibit the sale of liquor except for mechanical and medicinal purposes—but the Legislature did not pass such a law.

Hon. David Wilmot, of this State, in a letter published in the Elmira Gazette, says that he intends to support Van Buren. He also avows his opposition to any "Compromise," in the matter of territory.

### CAVAIGNAC.

We derive the following passage from the correspondence of the New York Courier:

Cavaignac is now the popular idol. Lamartine is unheard of. Many journals are calling for a special decree to name Cavaignac, President of the Republic. There is a general want of something felt permanent; but under the present disposition of affairs, France is as far from it now as two months ago.

Henceforth no Louis Bonaparte, no Thiers, not even a Lamartine for the head of the French Republic:—but Cavaignac is destined to be either its Napoleon or its Washington. His conduct hitherto, and his known character, encourage the hope that he will resemble the latter rather than the former.

### ASIATIC CHOLERA.

The London Globe states that letters have been received from Dr. Andreosky, physician to the commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in Circassia, stating that the mineral naptha obtained from Beker, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, given in doses of from ten to fifteen and twenty drops, repeated if necessary, had proved a cure for Asiatic Cholera, even during the most extreme collapses. This naptha is of a white or rose color, and is used undistilled. It is much stronger than the ordinary naptha of commerce.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 208—adults 64, and children 144.

## From Washington.

### CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

#### SENATE.

On the 11th, Mr. Rusk moved to take up the bill relative to the Texas Navy, but after a brief debate, the motion was negatived by a vote of 17 to 19.

Mr. Atherton made a motion to take up the Naval Appropriation Bill, which being agreed to, the consideration of the question pending when the bill was last up was resumed. It was an amendment striking out the appropriation for the Marine Hospital. After some debate, the subject was informally laid aside.

The consideration of the Oregon Bill, being the order of the day, was then resumed. Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, addressed the Senate upon the constitutional powers of Congress in relation to the government of acquired territory.

On the 12th, the Senate insisted upon its amendments to the Indian Appropriation Bill, and asked that a Committee of Conference should be appointed by the House. A Committee upon the part of the Senate was appointed.

Mr. Turney moved a reconsideration of the vote rejecting the bill in relation to the Navy of the former Republic of Texas. On motion of Mr. Rusk, the reconsideration was laid upon the table, with the understanding that it should be called up at another time.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the bill to pay the liquidated claims against Mexico was taken up and ordered to be engrossed for a third reading; after which, the bill was read a third time and passed.

A message in writing was received from the President, accompanying the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry held at San Patricio. Ordered to be printed.

The special order of the day, the Oregon Bill, was then taken up, and Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, addressed the Senate in support of the extreme Southern views in relation to slavery, and in opposition to the proposed compromise.

Mr. Davis said, in conclusion, that he would be satisfied with the Missouri Compromise, if it was accompanied with a guarantee that the question should thus be put at rest forever.

Mr. Clayton moved that the bill and amendment be referred to a select committee of eight, four from the South and four from the North, equally divided also as to their party politics, and to be selected by ballot, who shall report what proposition, if any, can be accomplished.

Mr. Foote heartily approved of the proposition. A debate ensued, in which Messrs. Fitzgerald, Calhoun, Corwin and Butler took part, respecting the course to be pursued by the free States in relation to runaway slaves. After a very long debate, the motion was adopted by a vote of yeas 31, nays 14.

On the 13th, Mr. Lewis presented the credentials of Mr. King, the successor of Mr. Bagby, of Alabama, who, being duly sworn, took his seat.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson presented the credentials of Mr. Pearce, re-elected Senator from the State of Maryland for six years from the 4th of March next.

On motion of Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, the bill making appropriations for erecting light-houses, light-boats and buoys, was taken up, and after slight amendment was passed.

Agreeably to notice, Mr. Downs asked and obtained leave to bring in a bill facilitating the entry of preemption claims, which was read a first and second time, by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on Private Land Claims.

Mr. Hannegan then moved that the Senate proceed to a ballot for Chairman of the Select Committee upon the Oregon Bill, ordered yesterday, which motion prevailed. Mr. Clayton was elected, having received 33 out of the 38 votes cast. The Senate then proceeded to ballot for the other seven members of the committee, when Messrs. Bright, Dickinson, Atchison, Calhoun, Phelps, Underwood and Clarke, were elected.

Messrs. Phelps, Dickinson, Bright and Clark, are from the Free States; Messrs. Clayton, Calhoun, Atchison and Underwood from the South.—Messrs. Phelps and Clark are Wilmot Proviso men.

On motion of Mr. Bell, the bill authorizing the accounting officers of the Treasury to make a just settlement of the claims of the Cherokee nation upon the Government, according to the principles established by the treaty of August, 1846, was taken up, in the debate on which the participants were Messrs. Atherton, Bell, Turney, Sebastian and Calhoun. After which, on motion of Mr. Bell, the Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 14th, after the transaction of some unimportant business, on motion of Mr. Dickinson, the bill to establish a branch mint in the city of New York was taken up. He advocated its passage in a brief speech.

An amendment was submitted to establish a branch mint in the city of Charleston. Mr. Badger spoke in terms of opposition both to the bill and the amendment, declaring that they involved an unnecessary expense, which was entirely uncalled for, and was not warranted by the present condition of the treasury.

Mr. Dickinson replied to the argument of the last speaker, and was followed by Mr. Niles, who advocated the passage of the Bill.

Mr. Butler supported the amendment. Mr. Dix made a speech in favor of the bill.

Mr. Badger rejoined and took the opposite ground.

After further debate, the amendment was adopted, and the vote then being taken upon the bill as amended, it was lost by a vote of yeas 21, nays 27.

On the 15th, a Committee of Conference on the Military Bill from the House, was appointed, consisting of Mr. Benton, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, and Mr. Davis, of Mississippi.

Mr. Benton moved that the Senate go into Executive Session, which was agreed to, and after some time spent therein the doors were opened, and the Senate adjourned over till Monday.

On the 17th, Mr. Niles gave notice that he would, the next day, move that the Senate take up the bill reported by the Select Committee, to which had been referred the subject of Mr. Whitney's railroad to the Pacific.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Naval Appropriation Bill was taken up, and several amendments adopted.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson offered an amendment making an appropriation to indemnify the officers and crews of the Peacock, Missouri, Grampus, Shark and Somers, for the losses sustained by them in the destruction of those vessels. Ordered to be printed.

Mr. Dayton, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill providing for a modification of the law regulating pilots.

#### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 11th, after the usual preliminary routine, the Speaker announced the resolutions submitted by the Committee of Commerce, to whom had been referred the memorial from the Chicago Convention, as the first business in order. The first resolution having already been adopted, the second resolution came up, declaring that the commerce and the common defences of the country require the exercise of the power of internal improvement, which the House asserted in the first resolution belonged properly to the general government. Upon the question being taken, it was decided in the affirmative. Yeas 112. Nays 53.

The third resolution, declaring that the reasons given by the President for vetoing the River and Harbor Bills are insufficient, was then passed by a vote of yeas 91, nays 71.

The fourth resolution, denying the propriety of giving to the States the power of levying tonnage duties for the improvement of rivers and harbors, was also adopted, the vote being yeas 109, nays 59.

The remaining resolutions were then severally adopted.

On the 12th, Mr. Nicoll, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill to establish a Branch Mint in the city of New York; read twice and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

The Reciprocity Bill between Canada and the United States, respecting the productions of each, was taken up and passed.

On the 13th, after the usual preliminary business, Mr. Hudson rose to a privileged question, and stated that during a call of the House the previous evening, some forty members who were absent were each fined two dollars, and the sergeant-at-arms was ordered to bring them before the House that morning, but, as many of the offenders were inexperienced, he would move to dispense with the whole proceedings.

Messrs. Sims, Lahm and Lincoln made some jocular remarks, which occasioned considerable laughter and confusion. Mr. L. then called for the previous question, and Mr. Conger moved to lay the motion upon the table, when the vote was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the affirmative—yeas 69, nays 59.

While the vote was being taken, Mr. Henly made a motion, which, besides being out of order, was disrespectful to the Speaker, who ordered the sergeant-at-arms to take him into custody, which was forthwith executed.

Mr. Hilliard moved that the arrested members be permitted to take their seats, on paying the fees of arrest, except such as wish to offer excuses for their absence. This motion prevailed, and the members proceeded to offer their excuses.

About a dozen members were excused, and the remainder paid the fees incurred by their arrest.

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Root in the chair, and took up the Civil Appropriation Bill, and considered the amendments. An amendment displacing Gideon Wells from the Bureau, and requiring a naval captain to fill the station without extra pay, by which $3,000 per annum would be saved, was adopted.

On the 14th, after the transaction of the usual preliminary business, on motion of Mr. Botts, the House took up the Military Bill with the amendments made by the Senate, postponing the selection of General officers till the 4th of March next.

A debate ensued upon the amendment, in which Messrs. Jones, of Tenn., Botts, Paschall, Haralson and others participated.

The debate was continued for the space of three hours, when Mr. Botts moved that the House disagree to the amendments of the Senate, in order that Committees of Conference between the two Houses should be appointed.

This proposition prevailed, and a Committee of Conference on the part of the House was appointed.

The House agreed to the amendments of the Senate, giving three months' extra pay to the volunteers.

On the 15th, after the transaction of some routine business, Mr. Conger, of Pennsylvania, moved that ten thousand copies of the proceedings of the Chicago Convention and the memorial to Congress, and the report of the Committee on Commerce made on the same, to whom it had been referred, together with the resolutions, &c., accompanying the said report, be printed for the use of the House, which was agreed to.

Several ineffectual motions were made, with a view to inquire into the delay attending the printing of the Patent Office Reports, with other reports, &c.

On the 17th, after the usual preliminary business, Mr. Cocke submitted a resolution, calling on the President for information as to the amount of moneys paid to Generals Cass and Taylor, discriminating between their regular salaries and such extra pay as might have been allowed them, and also whether any charges made in their accounts with the government had been disputed and subsequently paid. Adopted.

Mr. Bowlin submitted a joint resolution giving to the State of Missouri the cannon captured at the battle of Sacramento by the Missouri Volunteer Regiment, under the command of Col. Doniphan. Adopted.

On motion of Mr. Evans, of Ohio, a resolution submitted by him was adopted, directing the Committee on Naval Affairs to inquire and report upon the expediency of reducing the navy to a peace establishment.

Mr. Kaufman moved to suspend the rules, in order that he might call up the bill establishing post routes, but on the yeas and nays being called, it was lost.

Mr. Burt submitted a resolution calling upon the President for information in regard to the number of Indians now in Oregon, New Mexico and California, how many military posts, and what amount of troops to garrison them would be required in order to maintain peace and secure settlers from hostile attacks. Adopted.

Mr. Hillyer's resolution, calling upon the President for information in relation to the instructions to Messrs. Sevier and Clifford was adopted.

Mr. Lahm moved to suspend the rules, that he might submit a resolution directing the Committee on Territories to inquire into the expediency of appropriating a Territory or State for the black population. The suspension of the rules was lost, only 16 voting in the affirmative.

The House agreed to the Senate's amendment to the Pension Bill, extending the act five years.

## Items of News.

Important to Notaries.—In the case of Marsh vs. Palmo and others, Judge Smith, of the New York Marine Court, has decided that a Notary cannot protest a note when he himself does not present it. That a public officer cannot delegate his authority, as such, to an agent, unless there is a law expressly authorizing him to do so. In the case above alluded to, the Notary's Clerk presented the note and gave the notice, the Notary making the protest from the statements of the clerk.

Quebec.—A large crack has taken place on the Northern part of the eminence upon which the citadel of Quebec is situated, which has caused great terror among the inhabitants of that part of the city. It appears to have been caused by the late rains, and if it should go much further, it is not at all improbable, that part of the cliff will fall and bury the people of a part of the Rue Champlain in its ruins. The inhabitants of these houses are moving out with all possible haste.

Going Ten Times Round the World.—The Portsmouth Journal chronicles the death of Mr. John Meadum, aged 58, for many years in the employ of the Eastern Stage Company, as driver from Portsmouth to Boston. The Journal says, "probably no other man in New England has driven so many miles." He passed more than six thousand times to and from Portsmouth and Boston, equal in distance to going ten times round the world.

Public Speaking.—Some of the reporters state that Daniel Webster speaks at the rate of from eighty to one hundred and ten words per minute; Gerrit Smith from seventy to ninety; Dr. Tyng from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty; Mr. Botts from one hundred to one hundred and twenty; Mr. Clay from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty; Mr. Choate and Mr. Calhoun from one hundred and sixty to two hundred.

Another Fall in the Price of Bread.—Yesterday evening, the bakers throughout the metropolis lowered the price of the 4 lbs. loaf one half penny. Those at the West End now only charge 7d. for the best quality; the second rate 6d. and 5½d. Many, however, in populous districts, are selling it at 5d., weighed on delivery.—London Paper.

New Territory.—Oregon is said to contain 218,536,320 acres; California and New Mexico contain 500,000 square miles. These and other territories of the Union equal at least 1,000,000 miles, or 250,000,000 square acres.

Paris as it Is.—Kendall, of the Picayune, says that he had to wait a whole week in Paris, before he could get a pair of boots which he had ordered—the workmen being constantly called from their work by the rappel.

A Clerical Mesmeriser.—At the Troy Conference of the P. E. Methodist Church, last week, Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Amsterdam, New York, was expelled from the ministry for being a mesmeriser.

☞ Ninety-nine sheep were burnt or suffocated to death in a car on the Connecticut River Railroad, on Wednesday week. A spark from the locomotive set fire to the straw in the sheep car.

☞ General Cushing, it is said, will be the Democratic candidate for Governor in Massachusetts.

## LATEST NEWS!

### FROM MEXICO.

The insurrectionary movement of Paredes still continues; but the Government appears confident of its ability to master the insurgents. Paredes is said to be favored by the priesthood, which body is believed to be inclined towards the placing of a foreign Prince upon the throne. Probably Louis Philippe could be got for the occasion. Though unable to keep the Parisians in order, he might manage the Mexicans. Metternich might be obtained for Prime Minister, as Guizot and Louis Philippe have quarrelled.

The American deserters, in pay of the Mexican Government, came near assassinating their Mexican commander, recently. No great dependence can be placed upon traitors.

Nearly all the volunteers and the ten regiments had reached Vera Cruz, and were rapidly embarking on the transports bound for New Orleans and other ports of the U. States.

The Legislature of Tamaulipas had demanded two millions of dollars from the Federal Government as indemnity for loss of territory beyond the Rio Grande by the Treaty of Gaudalonpe.

The Mexican Government had appropriated $300,000 to the relief of Yucatan. Paredes had addressed the States for aid to the eight thousand Yucatanese who took refuge in Merida and Campeachy, to escape the Indians.

It is reported from Tampico, that the Mexican Government had sent a force to take possession of Tampico, but that the citizens had refused to permit their entrance. It is thought that the citizens favor the revolutionary movement of Paredes and Jarauta.

### THE SENATE'S COMMITTEE.

It is rumored at Washington that a majority of the Select Committee of the Senate have decided upon reporting the three bills for the establishment of Territorial Governments in California, New Mexico and Oregon, in one, without the Wilmot Proviso. Thus leaving the question of slavery to the inhabitants of those Territories.

### GENERAL PILLOW.

The nomination of G. J. Pillow, as a Major General in the Army, has been confirmed by the Senate.

## Clippings.

☞ Don't throw your opinions in everybody's teeth. You may set it down as orthodox, (although it sounds like a paradox,) that the more freely you bestow your opinions on your neighbor, the less opinion he will have of you.

☞ "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," said an old lady, when she stowed the broom, bellows, balls of yarn, cards, caps, currycomb, three cats, and a gridiron into an old oven.

☞ Sterne used to say, "The most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as most people do lords—learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance."

☞ Private bankruptcy is almost universal in France. A letter writer from Paris says that unless some miracle is done in its favor, the country cannot escape National bankruptcy.

☞ Nature teaches us that we are all dependent—that we are like cog-wheels, pushing each other along by filling up mutual voids.

☞ A slip of the foot you may soon recover—but a slip of the tongue you can never get over.

☞ We never knew a man disposed to scorn the humble, who was not himself a fit object of scorn to the poorest.

☞ A man in Louisiana plants cucumbers and "waters" them with "vinegar;" the vines produce excellent pickles, the Crescent City says.

☞ It is said that the Sultan has ordered a cask of chloroform for the use of his seraglio. Is this to supersede the sack and string?

☞ Extract from a young lady's letter, found in the pocket of George W. Taft, now in the Worcester House of Correction for stealing: "Oh, George, if I only had you here, how I would bite you!"

☞ The best joke we have seen for some time, is that paragraph of Prentice's, of the Louisville Journal, extolling Mr. Marcy, of the War Department, and dwelling with rapture on his military qualities, and finally mentioning as an instance of his valor, "his unprecedented charge on the State of New York."

☞ A "sewing machine" has been defined, a young girl, with thin, pale face, attenuated form, dressed in a dark cotton frock, faded dark shawl, dirty straw bonnet, and green veil.

☞ "Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look!" "Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in all my life."

☞ In Austria, bedsteads are seldom over five feet in length. When a gentleman, stopping at a hotel, goes to bed, one of the servants doubles him up like a jack-knife, and rolls him in a sheet and blanket.

☞ The St. Louis Republican says, a Mr. Harris, of that city, has invented an omnibus which he intends to propel by steam.

☞ The Trenton News announces the death of a boy by drowning, and adds: "He was the only child of his mother, and she was a widower."

☞ "By the Mazzy, man, I wouldn't wish at all," said an old old fellow the other day, "or, if I did, I'll tell ye what I'd wish—I'd wish that I had a two bushel bag full of needles, and all them ar needles worn clean up to the eye in making bags, and all them ar bags chock full of dimunds."

☞ He who triumphs over a woman, would over a man—if he durst. He only proves by doing so that he is both a villain and a coward.

☞ A boy at the Latin school, in our city, in reciting a lesson in the classics, the other day, gave the passage "Pompeius clam et mente, Caesar palam et intestina" the following bold and spirited rendering: "Pompey ate clams by night, Cæsar by the pailful and in the day time." We need not say, the worthy teacher fainted.

☞ The Charlestown (Va.) Free Press says that six cradlers, engaged with Mr. George B. Beall, cut forty-two acres of well-set wheat in the course of one day; being an average of seven acres for each cradler.

☞ The Western Times says: "Berlin stands on both sides of the Spree, and as the people are considered to be a lively witty race, it may be from this circumstance that young fellows in England, going forth for pleasure and frolicking amusements, are said to be on the spree."

☞ "Adelaide," says the South Australian Register, "is a city without a pump! and the victim of intemperance finds one excuse in his alleged repugnance to imbibe the impure and unfiltered water of the Torrens."

☞ The Democratic Pacifique calls attention to the following erudite epistle, addressed to the Prefect of Vosges: "Sir,—I hasten to inform you that we had an eclipse of the moon in our village yesterday evening. The rest of the sky was perfectly tranquil. X***, Mayor of Y***."

☞ "M. Guizot," remarks the Daily News, "lasted Louis Philippe eight years. The Republic consumed Lamartine in two months."

☞ At a baker's, at the west end of London, any lady or gentleman, so disposed, may step in and have, as we are informed by a notice over the door, his or her "vitals baked."

☞ Literature is at a stand still in France. The number of libraries, great and small, that are for sale in Paris, passes all belief, says a French paper. In every corner of the city, and even upon the pavements of the streets, books of every kind are spread out, and offered at shamefully low prices.

☞ They have a very "free and easy way" of perpetrating matrimony on the prairies. A western paper states, that two emigrating parties met lately in Iowa—in one party was one John Paris, and in the other Miss Lina Jolly, who, taking a fancy to each other, hitched teams, and departed together for Oregon!

☞ Lord Holland having recently arrived in Paris from London, contrived to obtain access to the interior of the Tuileries, and got possession of certain papers belonging to Louis Philippe, which the Ex-King had secreted in a spot accessible only to himself or those in the secret.

☞ There is a picture exhibiting in the store windows, of an Irish "hod-carrier," staggering under his load—it is entitled the "Greek" Slave, and at the head of it is styled a "Great Picture, by (the) Powers!"

☞ We have nothing to say about the fashions this week, except that in pants the Bowery style of "forty-two inches round the bottom," still prevails to a serious extent in this community.

☞ "I'll give you a poke in the eye," as the thread remarked to the needle.

☞ "Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the Augur of Freedom intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir—I merely said that I have seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers, that's all."

☞ Dr. Hutchinson, of London, has invented an instrument, named Spirometer, for testing the breathing power, with a view to detect pulmonary disease in its incipient stages.

☞ In central Chili no rain falls for nine months in the year. In Southern Chili rain falls only once in two or three years. The Peruvian Andes commence 24 degrees of South latitude. They are separated for 1,250 miles from the Pacific by a sandy desert, about sixty miles broad, upon which a drop of rain never falls.

☞ "I say, Mr. Johnsing, did you hear 'bout de catalebsy that befel Phillis?" "Oh course I didn't, wat was it?" "You see, de doctor ordered a bluster on her chist—well, as she hadn't no chist, no how, she put 'em on de bandbox, and it draw'd her new pink bonnet all out ob shape, and spile um entirely."

☞ The following is a Frenchman's definition of a broker:—Ah! me make von discoverie. Vat is de raison vat fore de peopelle call de agent broker? It is bekase ven de personne have bizziness wid him he become broke.

☞ Mr. Stephens, of New York, the distinguished traveller and author, has been surveying or rather examining the route across the Isthmus from Chagres to Panama, and he reports most favorably upon it.

☞ There is a man in Boston who was so large when a babe, that it was impossible to name him all at once. He was laid on his left side, when they called him Sam, and as soon as they could turn him over he was named Snobble. A middle name was intended for him, but his body was so round, it wouldn't stay. Oh!

"What think you best one's thirst of law exhausts? The draft of an Attorney's bill of costs."

☞ Before the Maine Legislature, recently, a petition for change of name was urged by a man, whose name was as bad as his personal credit. In presenting it, he said that he was not very particular as to the new name, which he trusted might be awarded him, but he hoped the Legislature would give him one that would go at the banks.

An adieu should in utterance die,
Or if written, but faintly appear;
Only heard through the burst of a sigh,
Only read through the blot of a tear!

☞ The New Orleans Picayune says that mosquitoes are like doctors—they never "let blood" without "running up a bill."

They say thine eyes like sunny skies,
Thy chief attraction form;
I see no sunshine in those eyes,
They take one all by storm.

☞ A careless compositor lately dissolved the Union by transposing two letters, whereby the United States became Untied States.

## Miscellaneous.

### DIABOLISM.

The atrocities committed by some of the French insurrectionists were truly diabolical. "A young lieutenant of the mounted Garde Mobile, M. Pingret, who, at the head of the 4th company of the 19th battalion, attacked the barricades of the Faubourg Poissonniere, where he was wounded, declares that the insurgents, after having placed an officer, who had been taken prisoner, between two planks, cut off his head! From other prisoners they tore out their eyes!

"You will read, perhaps without believing, accounts of Frenchmen, in the middle of the nineteenth century, butchering Frenchmen by thousands—of their shooting, hanging, beating to death, and even sawing in pieces and mutilating, while yet alive, prisoners and bearers of flags of truce. You may, I say, read all this without credence, and yet your incredulity will be misplaced.

"Numbers of the Garde Mobile were found in the Pantheon, after its capture, hung up by the wrists, and pierced with bayonets and swords. A company of thirty, captured in the vicinity, were forced into a huge oven for baking pottery, after which a fire was kindled beneath; fortunately a re capture was made in time to relieve the soldiers from their horrible situation. In the Faubourg Poissonniere, a soldier is said to have been impaled and disemboweled, in the presence of his comrades! An officer of the line, had both hands cut off;—a dragoon, had both feet cut off, and in this horrible condition suffered to die. Several women were arrested who had sold poisoned brandy to the soldiers.

"One of the women arrested, has had the horrible frankness to avow that she cut off the heads of three Gardes Mobile. On several barricades heads bearing caps were stuck. The mouth of one was filled with pitch, and a lighted match was placed in it, and the wretches who did this, danced around with horrible joy, roaring—'Des lampions! des lampions!'

"All the insurgents showed the same villainous spirit; they killed men whom they had robbed, after taking them prisoners; in some instances, no doubt, persons unmixed with the contest, drawn to it by curiosity. They cut off the hands of a Captain of Cuirasseurs, and life ebbed slowly away. The Garde Mobile, to avenge the cowardly assassination of some prisoners, went into a house from which the shots were fired, and threw the persons they found there out of the windows, saying, 'The wretches are not worthy of a musket shot!'

"It is painful and revolting to continue this narrative. Galignani asserts positively, that on a barricade in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the body of a Garde Republicaine was impaled, and the bowels taken out.

"A demon, in female attire, rushed into the Rue Rambuteau, with a sharp knife, stole behind a Mobile Garde, seized him by the nose, and cut his throat from ear to ear. Many staff officers have been taken by the insurgents also, and were immediately hung in the cellars of the Pantheon, which was in the possession of the mob during the whole of yesterday. But at all the barricades women were among the most active, and at all the windows they were encouraging the insurgents, giving an occasional shot themselves, from their 'coigns of vantage,' hurling the most hideous imprecations against the assailants, and waving their handkerchiefs to incite the insurgents to fresh deeds of valor. In the Faubourg St. Marceau the women threw boiling oil and water from the windows on the troops.

"During the great fight in the Faubourgs du Temple and St. Antoine, the insurgents went to the infant schools, where many parents had sent their children for safety, took the little ones, and placed them bound so that they could not run away, as barricades, to prevent the National Guards from returning the fire, which the insurgents continued most murderously from behind and between the children.

"In another quarter, one of the insurgents having been captured by the Garde Mobile, these men, infuriated at their inhuman conduct, determined to shoot him, when, at the moment of execution, General Brea threw himself before the prisoner, and entreated them by all the laws of war as well as humanity to spare him, and leave him to the hands of justice. This noble appeal had scarcely passed his lips, when the ruffianly captive, who stood behind him, pulled out a pistol and shot the General dead. The murderer was instantly put to death amidst yells of fury."

The streets of Paris, during the recent insurrection, literally ran with blood. It is stated by the London correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial, that one corps of National Guards from the country, which was marching into the city, suddenly withdrew, amidst the laughter and execrations of the Garde Mobile, terrified at the blood pouring along the kennels! Armand Marrast stated in the National Assembly, that "the pavements of Paris had never before been reddened by so much blood."

## Varieties.

"Sleeps Like a Top."—This familiar phrase which is applied to persons completely under the influence of Morpheus, is erroneously supposed to be derived from the pause of a pegging-top when its rotatory motion is at its height, or, as school boys call it, "when it is asleep." But the supposition is erroneous, for the phrase is derived from the Italian word topo, which signifies a mouse, and is applied as the generic name of the common field mouse, from which the Italian proverb is derived—"He sleeps like a top."

Hydrophobia.—The virus of hydrophobia is terribly subtle. The bite of the animal is not required. There is reason to believe that mere contact with his blood or saliva is sufficient to communicate the disease. We knew of an instance, in which a little girl pursued by a rabid dog, jumped upon a fence. The dog sprang upon her, but failing to bite, tore her apron. He was killed shortly after, and the little girl, sewing up the rent of her apron, bit off the thread, and died of hydrophobia.—N. Y. Dispatch.

Milk.—According to Prof. Johnstone, the time and frequency of milking have a great influence on the amount of butter yielded by milk. If a cow be milked only once a day, he says, the milk will yield a seventh part more butter than an equal quantity of that which is obtained by two milkings in the day. When the milk is drawn three times a day, it is more abundant, but still less rich. It has also been remarked, that the morning's milk is of better quality than that obtained in the evening.

Mrs. Partington's Last.—"Don't lay in that postur', dear," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, who was stretched upon a sofa with his heels a foot or two higher than his head. "Don't lay so; raise yourself up and put this pillow under you. I knew a young man once who had a suggestion of the brain in consequence of laying so—his brains all run down into his head!" and with this admonition she left him to his nap in the little back sitting-room.

Gentility.—A chap from the country, dining one day at a city friend's, who ranked among the most fashionable of the "upper ten," desired a little more sauce on his pudding. Thinking this word too common or vulgar, for such a place and occasion, he astonished the presiding goddess of the table by gentilicizing it thus: "If you please, ma'm, I'll trouble you for a spoonful or two of your impudence!"

Youthful Candor.—A plasterer and his boy being employed to white-wash a house by the day, was so tedious that the owner one day asked the lad in his master's absence, when they thought they would have done. The boy bluntly replied that his master was looking out for another job, and if they found one they should make an end that week.

Fair Sex at a Discount.—A newly married young woman was recently led by a halter round her neck, through the public market in Whitney, England, and sold for two pence and a pint of beer.

Marriages.—The publisher of the Lowell Offering states, in the number for this month, that in one mill, during the past eighteen years, eighty-two of the "boys," and four hundred and five "girls" employed there, have been married; and from another mill, one hundred and eighty-seven of the girls have been married during five years; and from a single room in another corporation, twenty-eight were married in one year.

A Question for a Synod.—The ladies of Edinburgh having made a present of gown and bands to the Moderator of the United Presbyterian Synod, an Elder from Stirling put the ugly question as to what passage of Scripture authorised the use of such a garment. One man—and he not the wisest—may put a question which a whole Synod cannot answer.—Gateshead Observer.

Triple Intoxication.—M. d'Arpentigny (Medical Times) represents Germany as exalted by the triple intoxication of contemplation, music, and tobacco. People live gravely there, and dream enormously. They drink out of large glasses; they read large books.


A gentleman from Vermont writes as follows:
Cambridge, Vermont, June 18, 1848.
Mr. Seth W. Fowle,
Dear Sir—For several years past, my usually good health has been occasionally interrupted by spells of coughing produced by colds, a year ago last winter I was brought to the verge of the grave by a very severe cough accompanied with severe pains on both sides, between the shoulders, etc., which, with long continued night sweats, and other alarming symptoms, reduced me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I consulted physicians, and tried the various remedies of the day, but none of them cured me. At last I procured Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and it saved my life; I have not enjoyed better health for many years, therefore I can recommend others who need it to try it.
SAMUEL BENTLEY.
For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 215 Market street; Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and Druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces. It


## The Markets.

### PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, July 15, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The supplies of most descriptions of Breadstuffs continue very light, but the demand generally is on the most limited scale, and prices of Flour have continued pretty steady. Sales of 6000 bbls common standard brands at $5,25a5,37½ for Western and Pennsylvania—chiefly at the lowest rates, and for city use at $5,50a6 as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and prices have advanced to $3.87½a3,94½, with sales at the former price. Corn Meal has been in moderate demand, and some 300 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $2,50a2,37½ for fresh ground, and $2,25 for sound old stock.

GRAIN—Good red Wheat is scarce, but the demand is very moderate, and prices have again given way. Week's sales 20,000 bushels, including only fair to prime Pennsylvania reds at $1,15a1,18 early in the week, since at $1,12a1,15 for prime do, and $1,02a1,12½ for inferior to prime new Southern, and some old Western at $1,05a1,15 per bushel, as in quality. Rye—Market depressed; we note sales of 2000 bushels Pennsylvania at 70a71½c. Corn has been in fair demand, and about 25,000 bushels sold at 51½a52 cts for Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, and 46a47 cts for white per bushel. Oats have been in request, and 5000 bushels sold at 35a36 cts for Southern, and 37a39 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market for salted Meats has been very dull, and no sales of moment have transpired; we quote Western Pork at $10,50a11 for Mess, and $8,50a9 for Prime per bbl. Bacon is very scarce, and prices are firm at 5½a9c for Hams, as in quality; 4½a5c for Sides, and 4¼a4½ for Shoulders. Lard sells in small lots at 7½a7¾c. Butter and Cheese sell slowly at former rates.

BARK—The market for Quercitron has been quiet, and no sales of importance have transpired this week.

BEESWAX—The market is dull with a heavy stock. A small sale of good yellow at 20½c.

CANDLES—Steady sales of Sperm at 30a31c. In Tallow, no change.

COAL—Anthracite continues in moderate demand at steady prices. We quote Schuylkill White Ash at $3,25a3,31¼ for Lump; Red Ash $3,50a3,62½; Broken and Screened 25c higher; Lehigh sells at $3.62½a3,75 per ton for Lump and Prepared Coal. Sales of 2000 bushels Allegheny Bituminous at 15½a16c.

COFFEE—A cargo of Rio, and one of Laguayra, in all 8000 bags changed hands this week on terms not made public, but supposed at somewhat lower prices.

COTTON—The market has been very inactive this week, and the sales only reach 675 bales, including Upland, Mobile and New Orleans at prices within our range. We quote—

| | Upland & Fla. | N. Orls & Ala |
|---|---|---|
| Middling, | 6 a 6¼ | 6 a 6½ |
| Middling Fair, | 6½ a 6¾ | 6½ a 7 |
| Fair, | 7 a 7½ | 7½ a 7¾ |

COPPER—The last sale of Sheathing was at 20½c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—The demand for Western has been to a limited extent at 33a35c per lb.

FISH—Mackerel continue dull, with small sales at $7,25a8,75 for No. 1; $5a5,50 for No. 2, and $4,25a4,75 for No. 3 per bbl.

GINSENG—The last sale of good Crude was at 30 cts. cash.

HEMP—The market remains very dull.

HIDES—No sales have transpired this week.

IRON—Business generally continues inactive, and the sales of Pig Metal have only been 3a400 tons at $24a27 for Anthracite and Charcoal Iron. In manufactured descriptions but little doing. A sale of Scotch Pig at $25 per ton, on time.

LUMBER—There has been but little doing this week, but we hear of no change in prices. Shipped from the Lehigh region for the week ending the 8th inst.

| | Feet. |
|---|---|
| | 971,798 |
| Previously this season, | 11,486,904 |
| Total, | 12,458,632 |

MOLASSES—Market generally quiet—a cargo of 250 hhds Matanzas sold on private terms.

NAVAL STORES—No sales of magnitude have occurred in articles under this head since our last weekly review. Spirits of Turpentine is worth 33a34 cts.

OILS—Linseed has been in fair demand, with sales to some extent at 61a65c. Whale has been in some demand, and free sales made at 33a35c. Small sales of Sperm at previous prices.

PLASTER—Further cargo sales at $2,25a2,37½ per ton.

SEEDS—The market remains quiet. Sales in lots at $3,50a3,75 for good to prime Cloverseed; and a small parcel at $4. Flaxseed is dull at $1,35 per bushel.

SPIRITS—No change in the prices of Brandy, Gin or Rum; of which the sales have been quite limited. Whiskey in hhds is scarce, and prices have advanced—sales at 22½a23c, closing at the latter rate—500 bbls sold at 23c.

TALLOW—Market dull. We quote Rendered at 7½a8c, which is a decline.

TEAS—The market continues inactive.—Bick. Reporter.

### THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

| | Bid | Asked | | Bid | Asked |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| U S Tr N | 101 | 101½ | N Liberty | 40 | 47 |
| U S 6s '67 | 104½ | 104¾ | Mechanics' | 24½ | 24½ |
| " '62 | 104 | 104½ | Southwark | — | 73 |
| " '56 | 103¼ | 103½ | P Township | 27½ | 26½ |
| " 5s '53 | 95 | 96 | Girard | 10½ | 10½ |
| Philada 6s | 99 | 99½ | Western | 49½ | 50 |
| " 5s | 87 | 89 | Man & Mechs | 23½ | 23½ |
| County 6s | 96½ | 97 | Camden | 50 | — |
| Penna 6s | 85 | 87 | Germantown | 40 | — |
| " 5s | 73½ | 73¾ | Trenton Bkg Co | 32 | — |
| Tennessee 5s | 74½ | 75 | M & M, Pitts | 42½ | — |
| Texas Notes | 10 | 11 | Exchange, Pitts | 40 | 43 |
| Texas bds 8s | 17 | 18 | Com. Cincin | 30 | — |
| " bds 10s | 18 | 19 | Louisville, Ky | 80 | — |
| Schuyl N 6s '58 | 43 | 43½ | Kentucky Bk | 78 | — |
| Lehigh N 6s | 78½ | 79 | Northern | 95½ | 98 |
| " Int loan | 83 | 84 | Union, Tenn | 45 | 44 |
| " Mort | 81 | 82 | Planters, Tenn | 42½ | — |
| " Cl Scrip | 79 | 79½ | Vicksburg | 15 | 16½ |
| Ch Del Cl 6s | 83 | 84 | Schuyl Nav | — | 17½ |
| C & Am R 6s | 98½ | 99 | Lehigh Nav | 20½ | — |
| Susqueh Cl | 40 | — | C & Del Cl | 60 | 61 |
| Norrist'n R 6s | 63 | 69 | Morris Cl | 9½ | 9½ |
| Harrisburg R 6s | 80 | 84 | Union Cl | 9½ | 9½ |
| Wil R 6s | 79½ | 80 | Bea Mdw R | 20 | 22 |
| Read R 6s '50 | 59½ | 60 | Lykens Val R | 15 | — |
| " Mort | 65½ | 70 | Susqueh Cl | 10 | 11 |
| U S Bk Notes | 89 | — | Norristown R | 11 | — |
| U S Bk Shares | 3 | 3¼ | Harrisburg R | 33½ | 34½ |
| N Amer Bk | 112 | 117 | Wilmington R | 20 | 23 |
| Penna Bk | 260 | 260½ | Reading R | 18½ | 18½ |
| Philadelphia | 118½ | 119 | N Liberty Gas | — | 25 |
| Far & Mec | 52½ | 55 | Penn Copper | — | 5½ |
| Commercial | 50½ | 51½ | N J Copper | 2 | 2½ |

Ledger.

### CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 17.—The sales of Beef Cattle for the week, were about 1000 head, at prices ranging from $6,50 to 7,25 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 300 head were sold, from $4,25 to 5,25. Those disposed at the latter price, were of a very superior quality. Cows as follows:—$25 to 35 for fresh; $15 to 25 for springers; $8 to 14 for dry. Sheep and Lambs, the former $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

New York, July 17.—At market, 1800 Beef Cattle, 60 Cows and Calves, and 4500 Sheep and Lambs. Beef Cattle—Sales at from $6 to 7,50 per cwt, as in quality; 300 head were driven to Brighton and a lot of 40 head exported to Bermuda. Sheep and Lambs—The supplies are large and prices lower. Prices of Sheep from $1,50 to 2,56 and $4. Lambs from $1,12½, 2 to $2,75. Left over, 450. Cows and Calves sold at from $20 to 28a37,50. Hay, 3s to 5s.

Baltimore, July 14.—Beef Cattle.—There were offered at the scales on Monday 650 head, of which 160 head were driven North, and the residue, 490 head, sold to city butchers, at prices ranging from $2,50 to 3,50 per 100 pounds on the hoof, being equal to $5a6 75 nett, and averaging about $3 per 100 lbs gross, which is a slight improvement. Sales of small lots have since been made at corresponding prices. Hogs—We quote live at $4,50a4,75 per 100 lbs. and dull.

### NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 15.

Ashes—We notice sales of 260 bbls at $5 for Pots, and $5,87½ for Pearl.

Cotton—The market continues firm, with sales of 1000 bales, chiefly for export.

Flour, &c.—The demand for Western Flour is fair, though quotations are somewhat nominal, especially for the poorest grades. The transactions add up 4500 bbls at $4,94a5 for common State and Lockport, $5,25 for Ohio and Brooklyn, $5,31¼ for good Michigan, $5,50a5,62½ for pure Genesee, and $5,87½a6,12½ for fancy. In Southern there is a fair business doing at $6. Some 100 bbls Georgetown have been sold for export at that price. Rye Flour, sales of 260 bbls at $3,50. Meal is in good demand at $2,50 for Jersey, with sales of 500 bbls. Wheat—2500 bushels new Southern changed hands at $1,21. Rye is 68a69c and firm. Corn continues in request for shipping at fair prices. The operations add up 25,000 bushels at 54 cents for round Jersey, 47c for heated New Orleans, 49c for Western mixed, and 50c for white flat. Oats are dull and drooping.

Provisions—There is a good demand for Ohio Pork at improving prices. The sales reach 1300 bbls at $11 for Mess, $10 for Sour do, and $8,37½a8,50 for Prime. Of Beef, 200 bbls sold at $12,75a13 for city and Chicago Mess. Some parcels of smoked meats sold at 7a8c for Bagged Hams, and 4½c for Shoulders. Sales of 60 tierces packed Shoulders at 3½c. Lard is only moderately active. Sales of 300 bbls at 7a7½c. Cheese—300 boxes sold at 4¼a5¼c.

### BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—"The transactions in Tobacco continue very trifling. The stock of good Maryland is so small that no sales can be effected; if the article was in the market it would sell. Some lots of inferior, amounting to about 80 hhds, have been sold at low rates. Nothing doing in Ohio, as the offers are not up to the asking rates of the agents. We quote as the range of the market, viz.—Maryland $1,50a3 for inferior and common; $3a5,75 for good common; $5a6 for good; $6a13 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common $2a3,50; good $4,50a6; fine and red wrappery $6,50a9; and yellow $9a11; and extra wrappery $10a12. The inspections of the week are 338 hhds, including 259 Maryland and 35 Ohio."

### TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. O. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardiner Smith, Frederick J. Hawes, John W. Armstrong, James Taylor, E. M. Stevens, and W. Ramsey.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JUSTUS WHITE, New York and Canadas.

J. L. SPROGLE, in Ohio, &c.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for this paper.

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### OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 28th June to the 10th July.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| June 28, received from | | | |
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| July 3. | | | |
| H. C. Blummer | 2 00 | G. H. Johnson | 2 00 |
| R. Peoples | 16 00 | J. L. Wheelock | 2 00 |
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| G. C. Wilson | 2 00 | W. Wright | 85 00 |
| D. Runkle | 20 00 | S. L. Ayres, Jr. | 2 00 |
| W. B. Bell | 10 00 | Miss M. A. Smith | 2 00 |
| R. Wood | 2 00 | Mrs. M. C. Doolittle | 2 00 |
| J. D. Snapp | 5 00 | H. & C. Lewis | 5 00 |
| J. Welford | 10 00 | | |
| July 5. | | | |
| J. Rile | 1 00 | T. J. Townsend | 2 00 |
| G. W. Kensel | 20 00 | D. H. Watt | 5 00 |
| H. R. Watson | 1 25 | L. T. Smith, Jr. | 2 00 |
| G. Fuhr | 1 00 | Mrs. H. L. Burns | 2 00 |
| Mrs. A. P. Camp | 1 00 | Mrs. E. D. Wheeler | 2 00 |
| J. Willson | 1 00 | G. & P. T. Franke | 15 00 |
| M. Blakeslee | 4 00 | A. P. Marsh & Co. | 10 00 |
| Dr. J. H. Brander | 3 00 | W. L. Roberds, Jr. | 2 00 |
| W. B. Lawton | 1 00 | C. L. Payne & Co. | 10 00 |
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| J. Mills, Jr. | 5 00 | S. & H. Potts | 5 00 |
| J. A. Hall | 1 50 | C. W. Closeman | 2 00 |
| J. Eudy | 2 00 | Mrs. H. E. Selden | 4 00 |
| S. Snearer | 2 00 | D. T. & H. Lyle | 2 00 |
| Mrs. S. S. Torbert | 2 00 | C. C. Holisten | 2 00 |
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| S. C. Dermar & Co. | 15 00 | L. J. Shertz & Co. | 10 00 |
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| July 7. | | | |
| J. F. Francis | 2 00 | B. Wiley | 2 00 |
| H. Sandford | 4 00 | Rev. J. Kennaday | 6 00 |
| G. Baumgard | 5 00 | Mrs. E. C. Bunting | 2 00 |
| H. R. Newton | 2 00 | Miss L. E. Lloyd | 2 00 |
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| J. B. Alvord | 2 00 | D. & W. L[illegible]y | 10 00 |
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| S. Healy | 2 50 | Mrs. C. H. Randall | 2 00 |
| S. Sellar & Co. | 20 00 | N. & C. Hope | 2 00 |
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| N. M. Eels | 2 00 | Miss A. E. Drane | 2 00 |
| J. C. Bell | 15 00 | C. P. & C. Leeter | 4 00 |
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| L. Zimmer | 11 50 | N. Bradford | 5 00 |
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| S. Cragin | 2 00 | Mrs. N. Gibson | 2 00 |
| S. Sarles | 5 00 | Justus White | 27 25 |
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| E. Rusk | 2 00 | W. A. Pierce | 35 00 |
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## Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, July 22, 1848.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| PENNSYLVANIA | | NEW HAMPSHIRE. | |
| Philadelphia banks | par | All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| U S bank notes | 11 dis | VERMONT. | |
| Girard do | par | Bank of St. Albans | 2 dis |
| Chambersburg | ½ dis | All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| York | 1 dis | CONNECTICUT. | |
| Berks county | no sale | All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| Gettysburg | 1 dis | MASSACHUSETTS. | |
| Carlisle | 1 dis | All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| Lewistown | no dis | RHODE ISLAND. | |
| Brownsville | ½ dis | All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| Pittsburg | ½ dis | CANADA. | |
| Waynesburg | 1½ dis | Montreal | 5 dis |
| Washington | 1½ dis | VIRGINIA. | |
| Erie | 30 dis | Bk of Va & branches | 1½ dis |
| Susquehanna county | 2½ dis | Far. Bk. & branches | do dis |
| Lebanon | par | Valley Bk. & branch | do dis |
| Lehigh county bank | — | Ex. Bk. & branches | do dis |
| Towanda | no sale | Wheeling | do dis |
| Honesdale | ½ dis | NORTH CAROLINA. | |
| Harrisburg | ½ dis | All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| West Branch | 1½ dis | Small notes | 2 dis |
| Wyoming | 1½ dis | SOUTH CAROLINA. | |
| Middletown | ½ dis | So. West. R. R. | 1½ dis |
| Northampton | no sale | All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| Schuylkill Haven | par | Small notes | 2 dis |
| Pottsville | par | GEORGIA. | |
| Relief notes | 1½ dis | Bank of St. Mary's | 1½ dis |
| NEW JERSEY. | | Central Bk. of Mill. | 1½ dis |
| Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford | par | Georgia R. R. Co. | 1½ dis |
| Plainfield | — | Ruckersville Bkg. Co. | — |
| Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, P'rth Amboy | ½ dis | All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| N. Hope, Del Bridge | 85 dis | Small notes | 2 dis |
| Yard Del Bridge co. | 10 dis | ALABAMA. | |
| DELAWARE. | | Bank of Mobile | 2 dis |
| All solvent banks | par | Country banks | 5 dis |
| MARYLAND. | | MISSISSIPPI. | |
| Baltimore banks | ½ dis | All banks | unc |
| Mineral bank | 2 dis | LOUISIANA. | |
| Salisbury | no sale | All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| Frederick county | 1 dis | FLORIDA. | |
| Cumberland | 1 dis | So. Life & Trust Co. | — |
| Washington county | 1 dis | OHIO. | |
| Hagerstown | 1 dis | Bank of Wooster | 80 dis |
| Havre-de-Grace | 1 dis | Com. Bk. of Scioto | 15 dis |
| Far and Millers bk. | no sale | All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| DIST. OF COLUMBIA. | | Small notes | 2 dis |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis | KENTUCKY. | |
| NEW YORK. | | All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| City banks | ½ dis | Small notes | 2 dis |
| Canal bk. Albany, | 50 dis | INDIANA. | |
| Tonawanda | 40 dis | State bank | 2 dis |
| Oswego | 30 dis | Small notes | 2½ dis |
| Millers', Clyde | 15 dis | ILLINOIS. | |
| James bank | 3 dis | Bank of Illinois | 60 dis |
| Atlas bank | 35 dis | State bank | 70 dis |
| State bk—Saugerties | 1 | Bank of Cairo | — |
| Northern Ex. bk | 1 dis | MISSOURI. | |
| Country banks | 1 dis | All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| MAINE. | | TENNESSEE. | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis | All solvent banks | 4½ dis |
| | | MICHIGAN. | |
| | | Bank of St. Clair | no sale |
| | | Farmers' & Mech's | 5 dis |
| | | ARKANSAS. | |
| | | All banks | no sale |
| | | WISCONSIN. | |
| | | Mineral Point | — |
| | | Bank of Milwaukie | — |
| | | IOWA. | |
| | | Miners' bank | — |


ALMANACS! ALMANACS! ALMANACS!—DR. D. JAYNE would hereby inform the public and MERCHANTS AND STORE KEEPERS in particular, that he publishes annually, for gratuitous distribution, by himself and all his Agents, an Almanac, called JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH. The calculations for this Almanac are made with great care and accuracy, and for five different Latitudes and Longitudes, so as to make them equally useful as a Calendar in every part of the United States and British North America. They are printed on good paper, and with handsome new type, are neatly bound, and besides being the neatest and most accurate Calendar printed in the United States, they contain a large amount of valuable information, suited to the wants of all, and of that kind too, which cannot be found in books. His catalogue of diseases, is really invaluable, and make them welcome visitors in every house they enter. Every family should possess at least one of these Annuals. One million of his Almanacs for 1848 have been published and distributed. His Almanac for 1849 is now ready for distribution, of which he designs to publish at least TWO MILLIONS, and in order that every family in the United States and British America may be furnished with a copy, he hereby invites MERCHANTS and STOREKEEPERS to forward their orders to him as early as possible and they shall be supplied GRATUITOUSLY, with as many copies as they may deem necessary to supply their various customers. They are also invited, at the same time, to send a copy of their "BUSINESS CARD," which will be printed and placed on the covers of the Almanacs sent them, also without charge.
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### ALMANAC.

| July 1848. | SUN RISES | SUN SETS | HIGH WATER | MOON'S PHASES |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 22 Saturday, | 4 48 | 7 12 | 5 7 | |
| 23 Sunday, | 4 49 | 7 11 | 7 57 | D. H. M. |
| 24 Monday, | 4 50 | 7 10 | 8 30 | |
| 25 Tuesday, | 4 51 | 7 9 | 9 46 | |
| 26 Wedn'sday, | 4 52 | 7 8 | 10 43 | First 8 4 24 |
| 27 Thursday, | 4 53 | 7 7 | 11 41 | Full 16 4 13 |
| 28 Friday, | 4 53 | 7 7 | 12 30 | Last 23 6 20 |
| 29 Saturday, | 4 54 | 7 6 | 1 19 | New 30 2 18 |

### STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

| | 9 o'clock | 12 o'clock | 3 o'clock |
|---|---|---|---|
| July 9, | 64 | 70 | 70 |
| 10, | 68 | 72 | 74 |
| 11, | 73 | 79 | 85 |
| 12, | 75 | 82 | 83 |
| 13, | 74 | 77 | 79 |
| 14, | 77 | 84 | 87 |
| 15, | 76 | 83 | 87 |

## Married,

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Mr. George S. Ashton, to Miss Anna Shearer, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 9th inst. by the same, Mr. William A. Hanley, to Miss Alvina Palmer, of this city.

On the 12th instant, at the First Reformed Dutch Church, by the Rev. Dr. Vanarsdale, Jas. P. Butler, formerly of New London, Conn. to Emma Matilda, daughter of Frederick Foering, Esq. of this city.

On the 14th of May, by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, Mr. John K. Shell, of Berks county, to Miss Matilda B. Elkins, daughter of G. W. Elkins, of Philadelphia.

On the 9th of Jan. last, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. Thomas Bignell, to Miss Emma Jenkins, both of Philadelphia.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. Champney R. Van Horn, to Miss Caroline Taney, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. N. Sayre Harris, Edward J. Brodie, to Medora Mooridge.

On the 8th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. James L. Chambers, to Miss Anna Taffe, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. D. T. Carnahan, Mr. John Fairman, to Miss Ann Woods, all of this city.

On the 23d of April, in the city of New York, by the Rev. J. mes Watson, J. Willis Nevins, to Adeline, daughter of the late Richard Tickenor, of Philadelphia.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, George R. Higby, of Cincinnati, to Miss Mary J. Smith, of Southwark.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D., Wm. H. Moore, to Susan A. M. daughter of Wm. Camm, Esq. all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Samuel Fox, to Catharine, daughter of B. Schroyer, Esq. of Philadelphia.

At Baltimore, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Backus, Mr. Stephen D. McConkey, to Miss Louisa R. McConkey, all of Peach Bottom, York county, Pa.

On the 10th ult. by the Rev. George Kempton, Mr. Rufus G. Gardner, to Miss Margaret C. Wall, daughter of Geo. Wall, Esq. both of this city.

On the 26th of March, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. John Emery, to Miss Sarah A. Painter, both of this city.

## Died,

On the 6th inst. after a short illness, Charles Levi, only son of Augustus and Adeline Meilert, aged 25 months and a few days.

On the 12th inst. Mr. August Nauendorff.

On the 14th inst. Mary McCloskey, aged 8 months.

On the 14th inst. Lewis, son of Wm. H. and Elizabeth L. Donehower, aged 22 months.

On the 13th inst. James S. Aylward, aged 28.

On the 14th inst. Wm. Henry, son of Hiram and Angelina Maxwell, aged 7 years.

On the 13th inst. Edward Hagan, aged 13 months.

At Norristown, on the 14th inst. John Fort, aged 35 years.

On the 13th inst. at his farm, Camden county, N. J. Isaac Knight, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 44.

On the 12th inst. Miss Martha A. Fort, aged 29.

On the 13th inst. John Tuft, son of Thos. and Mary Sh w, aged 6 years and 10 months.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Sophia, wife of Jacob Fullaway, aged 59 years.

On the 14th inst. Mr. Wm. Wardell, aged 39.

On the 14th inst. Isabella, daughter of Wm. and Ann Rutherford, aged 1 year and 9 months.

On the 10th inst. George Washington, son of Geo. W. and Barbara A. Paul, aged 5 months.

At her son's residence, Troy, N. York, on the 10th inst. Mrs. Maria, relict of John H. Van Rensselaer, formerly of Greenbush, N. York, aged 67 years.

On the 13th inst. Alpheus B. Wallace, aged 11 months.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Gaines.

On the 13th inst. Matilda, daughter of Wm. and Harriet Farrow, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 13th inst. Charles, son of Thos. and Mary Kibl, aged 8 years.

On the 12th inst. Miss Margaret Thornton, aged 25 years.

At Point Isabel, 12th of Aug. last, Mr. Jas. D. Mushaw, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th inst. Clara L. daughter of Wm. D. and Agnes White, aged 9 months.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth M. wife of Capt. T. Deacon, aged 20 years.

On the 13th inst. William, son of Wm. and Catharine Adams.

On the 11th inst. Mary Dougherty.

On the 11th inst. Julia Ann, wife of Fred. Vogel, aged 52 years.

On the 12th inst. James Wilson, aged 7 months.

On the 10th inst. Mary Wilson, aged 9 months.

On the 11th inst. Anna E. Pastorius, daughter of Henry and Margaret Borsel, aged 19 years.

On the 11th inst. Ezra S. Ely, aged 3 years and 6 months.


CAUTION
THE GREAT CELEBRITY WHICH MY Eau Lustrale Hair Restorative has acquired in Philadelphia, and throughout the United States, and the great demand that I have for the article, have prompted some unprincipled persons to get up an article of the same name, and in every outward appearance perfectly similar. The label is a perfect fac simile of my own. The subscriber would be above noticing such baseness, but is obliged to do so to put his customers upon their guard, as the whole style of the article is well calculated to deceive. Be careful to look that the name of Jules Hauel be on the label.
JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

☞ WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING!—Unrivalled dark, lovely and beautiful hair is produced by the use of that popular preparation known as JULES HAUEL'S EAU LUSTRAL RESTORATIVE.
No one will use any other after once using this delightful article. It is pronounced to be a prodigy in chemistry. It cleans the hair, renders it beautifully bright, smooth and glossy, and restores the hair where it has fallen off from disease, and in these desirable effects it has never failed to give satisfaction.
Its effects are perfectly astonishing—its results are certain. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by JULES HAUEL, Perfumer and Chemist, 120 Chesnut street, 4th door below Fourth, south side. jy22-1y

FIVE BEAUTIFUL MEZZOTINT PORTRAITS of Harriet Newel, Fanny Forester, Mrs. Stewart, Ann H. Judson and Mrs. E. B. Dwight.
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR AUGUST will contain the above; also, a splendid steel engraving entitled "Shoe Shopping," another "Two of the Upper Ten," and a fourth a beautiful and valuable Fashion Plate, besides plates of Model Cottages, Health and Beauty, Crochet Work and Horsemanship for Ladies, and music printed separately. A Humorous Story, entitled, "The Album Quilt," and a Brilliant Story by Grace Greenwood, entitled, "Henry's Historie," "Amelia," by Miss Leslie, and a host of other contributors. Twenty-five cents, sent by mail, postage paid, will secure this splendid and unapproachable number. Subscriptions to the Lady's Book $3 a year, which also includes the Lady's Dollar Newspaper. Address, L. A. GODEY,
jy22-1t 113 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

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THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUPERIOR assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at nett cash, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.
Watches: Gold Lever, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, from $35.00 to 100.00; " Lepine " from 25.00 to 40.00; Silver Levers, " from 17.00 to 25.00; Plain and Lepine, " from 5.00 to 14.00.
Jewelry of his own manufacture, of every variety, and fine Gold Pencils from $1.25 to 12.00. Gold Pens from $1.00 upwards. Gold Chains, Bracelets, Pins, Rings, Miniature-frames, &c., of the finest quality and lowest prices.
Silver Ware of every description. The attention of the public is particularly invited to this articles—consisting in part of Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. Teaspoons as low as $4.50 per set. The subscriber takes especial care to have all his Silver Ware made exclusively of standard silver. Cake Baskets, Castors, Britannia Ware, &c., of the latest patterns and finest finish.
S. M. HOPPER, No. 98 Chesnut street, between Second june 3-ly and Third, (south side) Phila.

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No. 24 South Third Street, Opposite to Congress Hall Hotel, Philadelphia.
WHERE the different branches of Bank Note, Stock and Collection Business will be conducted on the most liberal terms. mar 11-6m
Uncurrent Bank Notes bought and sold.
Drafts, Notes and Bills, on the various sections of the United States, collected with despatch.
Every description of Stocks, Loans, &c., &c., bought and sold on Commission, at the Board of Brokers.

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THE Advertiser has constantly on hand and manufacturing, every description of HATS AND CAPS, of the latest and most approved fashions, consisting of
YOUTHS' HATS AND CAPS,
In great variety, among which is a new article for Spring and Summer wear.
PLAIN HATS FOR FRIENDS.
Made in the best manner and for superiority of finish and material, have never been surpassed.
THE SPRING FASHIONS
For Gentlemen's and Youth's Hats, are just out; also a new style of Lady's Riding Caps, to which the attention of purchasers is requested, assuring them that his prices are such as will please all who may favor him with a visit, being as low as are offered at any Establishment in the country. CHAS. OAKFORD, No. 104 CHESNUT STREET, between Third and Fourth Streets, PHILADELPHIA. mar 4-tf

T. B. PETERSON'S GREAT CHEAP BOOK, MAGAZINE, NEWSPAPER, PERIODICAL and PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT is at NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, at which place any of the Magazines or Cheap Publications printed can always be obtained, or subscribed for. Particular attention paid to filling all orders suitable for the country trade.

CHEAP AND GOOD WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER-WARE, Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND Street, corner of QUARRY, Philadelphia.
Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, $30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, 16 "
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, 11 "
Silver Quartier Watches, $5 to 10
Gold Pencils, $1 50 to $7 00
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Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Teas $5, Desert $10, Table $15.
Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.
Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. I. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuel & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.
Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested.
O. CONRAD, No. 96 North SECOND Street, jan 29-1y Importer of Watches.

TYPE FOR SALE.
ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper.


# NEW PROSPECTUS.

## ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

# TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

## REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

## GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old area of the paper.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

## ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, in moderation, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the AUTHORS OF AMERICA. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.

### OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

### REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we have concluded to reduce our terms to clubs, sent to one address, as follows:

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| 4 COPIES, | | $5.00 PER ANNUM. |
| 8 " | (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club) | $10.00 " |
| 13 " | (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club) | $15.00 " |
| 20 " | (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club) | $20.00 " |

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

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TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 236 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

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The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions gratuitously, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

### ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

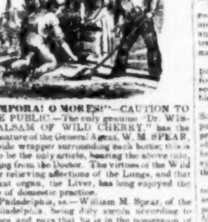
The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

DEACON & PETERSON, 66 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be praised, but be noticed) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.


GENERAL TAYLOR.—Just published by SARTAIN & SLOANAKER, a splendid full length Mezzotint Likeness of General Taylor.
The Philadelphia North American, speaking of the portrait, says—"We think there has at last been published a likeness of Gen. Taylor which gives us a true idea of the gallant soldier. Wm. Sloanaker procured from New Orleans a fine daguerreotype, and Mr. Sartain has engraved it in his finest style. It will be a valuable addition to the portrait gallery of every family, and as the name of old 'Rough and Ready,' will live to all time in our country's annals, a copy of this picture should grace every parlor."
The Philadelphia Inquirer remarks—"The veteran is represented as leaning upon his celebrated war-horse, 'Old Whitey,' and the print throughout is one of the most spirited and graphic that we have ever seen. The engraving is in Sartain's best style. As a parlor ornament, the print is strikingly attractive."
Price for single copies $3.00. A liberal deduction to clubs, associations and the trade when ordered in large numbers. Persons subscribing prior to the 1st of July, will be supplied with proof impressions.
☞ Persons remitting $5, by mail, postage paid, will be entitled to two copies, or for ten dollars four copies. It can be sent by mail without injury when no private opportunity offers.
Address, WM. SLOANAKER, june 17-tf No. 98 Chesnut street.

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY, N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street, Philadelphia.
WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for Style, Durability and elegance of Finish can not be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.
Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all parties can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y*
N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.



"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," has the written signature of the General Agent, W. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle; this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all-important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.
City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself. W. M. SPEAR.
Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1847. [L. S.] JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.
A copyright of the Balsam is secured.
Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Massachusetts, recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, (said individual claiming the right.) Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.
The Balsam is not one of the quack nostrums of the day, claiming to cure persons whose cases are beyond the reach of medicine; for restoring others to life, it only claims, and has proved in thousands of cases, to be the first, most efficacious, and only genuine preparation of Wild Cherry of the nineteenth century, for affections of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, frequently terminating in Consumption, ever offered to the public.
A liberal discount to Druggists and Country Dealers.
Look well to the marks of the genuine.
NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
I have this day appointed T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 132 North Second St., Philadelphia, Wholesale Furnishing Agents, for the (only genuine) DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, for the following States, viz. New York, New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.
Also, for the interior of Pennsylvania. All orders for the Balsam will hereafter be addressed to them.
Also for sale, wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM M. SPEAR, No. 145 VINE Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia. General Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, for the (only genuine) Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. WM. M. SPEAR.
Philadelphia, March 27th, 1848.
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JNO. F. PRESCOTT, Troy, N. Y.
CHAS. DYER, Jr., Providence, R. I.
REDDING & CO., MRS. E. KIDDER, Boston, Mass.
JAMES GREEN, D. SCOTT, Jr. & CO., Worcester, Mass.
H. & J. BREWER, Springfield, Mass.
G. W. WELCH & CO., Hartford, Ct.
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DR. A. H. BARNITZ, York, Pa.
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ALEX. DUVAL, Richmond, Va.
Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5. ap 22-1y

CHARLES CAMBLOS' STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, No. 28 South Third Street, Opposite Congress Hall, Philadelphia.
BANK NOTES BOUGHT AND SOLD. Drafts on New York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, &c. mar 11-1y
Collections made throughout the United States, on the most reasonable terms. ☞ Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Streets, Philadelphia. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c. Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
JOHN H. CHAMBERS & CO. Successors to ANDREW H. CHAMBERS. apr 29-ly

FOR CAPE MAY.
TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
The safe, comfortable and favorite Cape May steamboat OHIO, Captain L. Davis, having been refurnished and put in complete order, will commence making her regular trips to Cape May on Thursday next, June 29, and will leave Dock street wharf every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 8 o'clock, returning on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. jy 1-6t
Fare including meals and carriage hire $3.
Season Tickets meals and carriage hire extra $10.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all able, a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth and throat, and frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease CONSUMPTION—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.
JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is yellowness of the skin and eyes, with high coloured urine, and clay colored faeces. It arises from various causes; anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface; in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and settle the skin clear and healthy, at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.
THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surface, by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.
DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are nausea, heartburn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c. The sympathetic affections are very diversified.
NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.
All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as ASTHMA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, FLATULENCE OR PULMONARY DISEASES arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.
They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulants, all of which are mere palliatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantage to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.
The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such a remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.
The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully, has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable Vegetable Compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but as they would be more effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the cause or seat of the disease.
These "Bitters" will remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely destroy costiveness, and prevent frightful dreams—they are Entirely Vegetable, and their power over diseases in the Digestive, Biliary, Vascular, Respiratory and Nervous Systems, is not equalled by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city prove, after the most skilful physicians had failed.
All can be cured who will use them as directed, if within the power of medicine.
These "Bitters," and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of Inward Piles; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of each for the worst cases.
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# Selected Poetry.

## A BALLAD.

### MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

### A LOVING BALLAD.

ALBANY, (England,) June 8, 1849.

Ho! brother, I'm a Britisher,
A chip of heart of oak,
That wouldn't warp or swerve or stir
From what I thought or spoke;
And you—a blunt and honest man,
Straightforward, kind and true,—
I tell you, brother Jonathan,
That you're a Briton, too.

I know your heart, an open heart,
I read your mind and will,
A grey-hound ever on the start
To run for honor still,
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan,
And stout to see it done;
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you and I are one.

There may be jealousies and strife,
For men have selfish ends,
But petty quarrels ginger life
And help to season friends;
And pundits who with solemn scan
Judge humane most aright,
Decide it, testy Jonathan,
That brothers always fight.

Two fledgling sparrows in one nest,
Will chirp about a worm;
Then how should eaglets meekly rest,
The children of the storm!
No! while their rustled pinions fan
The eyrie's dizzy side,
Like you and me, my Jonathan,
It's all for love and pride.

"God save the Queen" delights you still,
And "British Grenadiers,"
The good old strains your heart-strings thrill,
And catch you by both ears;
And we—oh hate us if you can,
For we are proud of you—
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And Yankee Doodle, too!

There's nothing foreign on your face,
Nor strange upon your tongue;
You come not of another race
From baser lineage sprung;
No, brother, though away you ran,
As truant boys will do,
Still true it is, young Jonathan,
My fathers fathered you.

Time was—it was not long ago,
Your grandsire went with mine,
To battle traitors, blow for blow,
For England's royal line;
Or tripped to court to kiss Queen Anne,
Or worship mighty Bess;
And you and I, good Jonathan,
Went with them then, I guess.

Together both, hours long ago,
Among the roses fought,
Or charging fierce the Paynim foe,
Did all knight errants ought;
As Cavalier or Puritan
Together pray'd or swore,
For John's own Brother Jonathan
Was only John of yore!

There lived a man, a man of men,
A king on fancy's throne,
We ne'er shall see his like again,
The globe is all his own;
And if we claim him of our clan,
The half belongs to you,
For Shakspeare, happy Jonathan,
Is yours, and ours, too!

There was another glorious name,
A poet for all time,
Who gained the double-first of fame,
The beautiful—the sublime;
And let us hide him as we can,
More misery than pelf,
The Yankee, Brother Jonathan,
Cries halves in Milton's self!

Well, well; and every praise of old
That makes us famous still,
You would be just and may be bold
To share it if you will:
Since England's glory first began,
Till—just the other day,
The half is yours! but, Jonathan,
Why did you run away?

Oh, brother, could we both be one,
In nation and in name,
How gladly would one very sun
Lie basking in our fame!
In either world to lead the van
And go ahead for good,
While earth, to John and Jonathan,
Yields tribute gratitude!

Add but your stripes and golden stars
To brave St. George's cross,
And never dream of mutual wars,
Two dunces' mutual loss.
Let us two bless when others ban,
And love when others hate
And so, my cordial Jonathan,
We'll fit, I calculate.

What more? I touch not holier strings,
A loftier strain to win,
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,
Or heavenly kith and kin;
As friend with friend, and man with man,
Oh let our hearts be thus,
As David's love to Jonathan
Be Jonathan's to us!

# Humorous Sketches.

## THE GEORGIAN IN NEW YORK

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

[The following is rather severe, in parts, upon our Georgia friends, but as the author appears to be a Georgian, and as the fun is capital, we do not think the most sensitive of his fellow citizens can take offence at it.]

Reader, if you live any where south of latitude 35, and if you wish to preserve a high estimate of your native land, and self, take my advice, and stay at home. You will find, before you are a thousand miles off, your self-estimation considerably worsted, and you will ascertain to your heart's desire, that you think more of your own state than those North of you do. At least, that is my experience; and if you have a few minutes to spare, read my "simple tale," and sympathise with my misfortunes.

When I was a very young man, (it would be exceedingly impertinent for you to ask how long ago,) I left Savannah in a vessel bound for New York. We were all well when we started, but after we had been a few days out, an August sun began to do duty with our crew. One man died, and another became very sick. On the morning of the sixth day, we reached the "Highlands," and our captain called a council of war, among the passengers, to consult as to the course we ought to adopt, in reference to our sick seaman; "for," said he, "the health officer at the Quarantine ground hates Georgia, for the trouble it gives him, and if he finds any body looking the least pale, he will put us under the yellow flag for a week." We overhauled our sick man, put clean garments upon him, shaved him, and telling him to keep a "stiff upper lip," and not to let the doctors suspect his indisposition, we constituted him cook *pro hac vice*, and propping him up in the "caboose," awaited, with some trepidation, our "medical fellow." We anchored at Staten Island, and in a few minutes a boat, with a yellow flag flying at the stern, came up.

"Where are you from?" said a handsome looking young man in glasses.

"Georgia, sir," answered the captain. "Ah, here's trouble for me, I'll be bound," soliloquized Esculapius, as he came on board; "Muster your passengers, sir," added he. We all passed in review. "Call the crew forward." Done accordingly."

"Where is John Matthews?" asked Medicus, calling the roll. (That question was easier asked than answered, however, for he was our dead man, and we had thrown him into the sea.)

"We have lost him at sea, sir," responded the captain; "we have had some severe weather." "John Jones." This was our cook *pro tempore*. "Halloo, cook! come out!" No answer. "He cannot very well leave the caboose, at present, doctor, —he's engaged; but if it's necessary to see him, perhaps you will do me the favor to step there." And there he went, our poor fellow, maugre the shaving, and clean shirting and propping, wore the indubitable marks of grim disease. We saw at once that our artifice was "no go" with the physician. He felt Jones's pulse, and then said quietly to his assistant: "Take this man to the hospital, he has got that *miserable Georgia fever*." "What do you mean, sir," said I, "by coupling *Georgia* with such an adjective?" He looked at me with perfect amazement. At last he touched his hat to me, and replied, "I beg your pardon, sir—I ought not to have coupled Georgia fever with so contemptuous an expression, for I have no doubt that it has done immense good in its time—I wish it a more extended usefulness for the benefit of mankind. If you will allow me, I will retract my hasty word, and declare that the cook has got the blessed Georgia fever. Will that suit you?"

No, it did not; but what could I say? I had just abused the man for cursing the Georgia fever, and I could not, therefore, object to his blessing it; although I could not help feeling that the last was worse than the first, and that his meaning was, that if it killed all the Georgians, it would be a benefactor to mankind. My friend saw that he had me at a disadvantage, and leering at me through his glasses, (I hate a man who wears spectacles—I have known some honest men who used them, but I never saw a dishonest man who did not,) continued his instructions to his assistant. "Take the man to the hospital, Mr. Smith, and tell the carpenter to have his coffin ready by this time to-morrow. And tell him also to get another, of about five feet ten inches (looking at my height) ready for the day after, as there are some premonitory symptoms in one of the passengers."

"I see you put a proper reliance on your skill, doctor," said I to him, "but you need not trouble yourself about that *last* coffin. There will be no use for it. *I shall not take your physic.*" He laughed heartily, and shook me by the hand.

"You may go to town, captain," were his farewell words as he left the vessel. We subsequently learned that the cook died about the time designated.

After reaching the city, I strolled to one of the banks, upon which I had a draft, presented it, and received my money. The date, &c., of the check said, of course, where I was from, and I saw that the teller sneered as he read it.

"Can I leave this on deposit, sir?" asked I of him.

"No," answered the little Yankee, talking through his nose, "not unless you are introduced to our cashier by a gentleman. We don't care about receiving Georgia deposits."

"Look here, stranger," said I, (putting my hat on one side of my head, in regular Georgia fashion, and talking through my nose,) "if your cashier wants to be introduced to a gentleman, I have no objection to making his acquaintance. Call him, and I will give him a chance he seldom gets; but if you mean that I am to find another gentleman in New York, all I have to say is, I don't work miracles."

"I see," answered he, "that your qualifications for the discovery are not very great, but we decline the deposit without a compliance with the rule."

By this time I began to ascertain that Georgia was not held in the highest repute in that region, and I became a little more humble and subdued in my future negotiations. One of my objects in visiting New York was to insure my life, and to this purpose I now directed my attention, taking the precaution, however, of "working the miracle" of "finding a gentleman" to introduce me—one of my former Georgia friends. We went together to the Insurance Office, where he introduced me to the President, and I stated my object.

"Ah," said he, "this speaks volumes for you, sir. To see a man of your years, of such deep reflection, of such prudent foresight, is delightful, is gratifying—it denotes a high state of civilization, sir, a very high state—it is an excellent commentary upon the character of the people where you live." (Huzza for Georgia, thought I, here is a man at last who can appreciate her.) "Yes, sir, we will insure you with pleasure; I like your looks, sir, much, very much;" (What a sensible man, thought I,) "you are a little pale, but so much the better, it denotes temperance. Yes, sir, we will insure you at the lowest rates. Mr. Nicoll," (addressing the secretary,) "get a blank in common form, and come here and fill up a policy on the life of Judge ——, I think Mr. B—— called you so, sir?"

"Yes, sir," answered I, with a great deal of satisfaction, "I am a judge." [I should like to see the man in Georgia, who *is* not, or *has* not been a judge.]

"Ah," resumed he, "your community are indeed civilized. I see they rise superior to vulgar prejudices: they do not estimate a man's worth by his years. Youth, sir, youth is the very age of wisdom—passions a little excitable, it is true, but there are no stubborn, rooted, prejudices within. Solomon, sir, Solomon, was quite young when he commenced his writings—we shall hear of you hereafter, sir, no doubt. Mr. Nicoll, you need not ask the usual questions. The looks of the gentleman are enough. Fill out the policy for life at one per cent, for Judge ——, of Vermont—I think you said Vermont, sir?"

"No, sir," answered I, considerably abashed, "I said Georgia, sir."

My dear reader, I have no doubt you have seen instances of sudden surprise in your time; a man, for instance, in the midst of a waltz, with a fair confiding one hanging on his arms, "going it" through all the mazes, and just at the instant that he was executing his most graceful whirl, having it whispered to him, by some good-natured friend that his confidential clerk had absconded with all his money, and ruined his house; or a thirsty soul, who had been kept from his usual stimulants for a week, because he could not get them, and, in his haste and anxiety, mistaking a gill of *aquafortis* for his loved liquor, and swallowing it; perhaps you have seen some slight astonishment of this kind, but either would give you but a faint idea of the petrified look that the worthy President put on when he heard that terrible word *Georgia*. He could not utter a syllable for some time. At last he said in a subdued tone:

"This is a bad business"—and then added, "are you determined on effecting this policy, sir? Have you considered the expense?"

"Certainly, I have; I understood you to say that you would insure any amount, at one per cent."

"Ah, I was mistaken, I misunderstood the State from whence you came. We rank Georgia as extra hazardous. We charge two per cent., and would rather not take the risk at any rate. Don't you think you are rather young, sir, to commence this precaution?"

"No, sir," answered I, "I have thought well on the subject; I am not a robust man, by any means, as you may see by my complexion, although as you correctly observed just now, my features indicated temperance, and are therefore in my favor."

"I spoke hastily, sir," said he, "paleness does not always in that latitude denote temperance. However, as I said I would insure you, I will keep my word. As a personal favor I would be glad if you would name a low sum."

"I name $20,000, then," said I. He regarded me in mute astonishment.

"Twenty thousand, sir! *five* thousand is our highest *Georgia* risk."

It was my turn to show astonishment.

"Why, sir," exclaimed I, "they told me that every foot of ground in Wall-street is worth $6,000. Do you value *two yards* of Georgia with a soul and spirit tacked to them, at less than one foot of Wall street?"

"We value things as we please, sir, and if you don't like our terms, we will close this interview."

"I must submit," said I, "make it five thousand."

"Take your pen, Mr. Nicoll, and add a clause in the margin, that if the gentleman falls in a *duel* the policy shall be void."

"I have no objection," said I, smiling; "I am a peaceable, quiet man, and apart from that, my station would keep me from fighting."

"And, Mr. Nicoll," resumed he, "add also, that if the gentleman falls by *his own hands*, the policy shall be void."

I smiled again. "You are taking unnecessary trouble, my good sir; I shall make no attempt on my life."

"And Mr. Nicoll," continued he, "just add, that if the insured falls by the hand of Justice, (*i. e.*, by the hangman,) the risk shall terminate." It was added—the policy was signed and the premium paid, and as I left him, I gave him a parting thrust:

"That last clause about the hands of Justice, sir is ridiculous surplusage. I have lived in Georgia man and boy, my whole life, and I never heard of such a thing as Justice there. You forget, sir, we are in a high state of civilization there, appreciating merit in youth, and above the prejudices of age. Good morning, sir."

He sighed and bowed, and I left him, determined to hail from Vermont until I reached latitude 35 and then to take care not to hail from Vermont lest I should fall "by the hands of Justice," and vacate the policy.

It is recorded in Joe Miller, page 56, that a Hibernian bricklayer, laid a wager with one of his countrymen, that the latter could not put him in a hod, and carry him up a ladder, to the top of a four story house. A shilling was the amount of the bet, and the task was successfully accomplished. "I've won ye," said the carrier, "give me the shilling." "Faith and so you have," answered his load, "but, Pat, when you reached the third story, your foot slipped, and then I had great hopes ye would fall."

The time has nearly arrived for the expiration of the risk on my life, and I suppose that the New York Company will pocket all the premium and incur no loss;—but last year, in passing through the county of B——, I got a fever, and then (as my Hibernian friend said,) *I had great hopes of fixing them!*—Orion Magazine.

## "DUPONT'S BEST."

One cold morning in last February, the snow lying some ten inches deep on the ground, a circle of half frozen town's people had girdled the fire in M.'s bar room. They had put in requisition every newspaper in the room, and as the number was considerable, and each was anxious to get as near as possible to the source of comfort, the closely wedged circle of chair backs formed a sort of *cordon sanitaire*, since, without some one should move, all ingress to the fire was cut off, as though it were under quarantine. And the semicircular row of legs and feet turning inwards towards the hearth, looked like the spokes of an enormous wagon-wheel. Even the landlord was excluded, and with his hands in his pockets, Mr. M., was incontinently promenading his bar-room endeavoring to look as good natured and as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

In this state of things, Dr. Z., of our town, entered, rubbing his hands and pronounced energetically several monosyllabic words, in connection with some quite original observations on the state of the weather. But in vain did he, with blue nose and beseeching look, walk round the semicircle of kind hearted neighbors to get access to the fire; not a soul moved.

"By the laws it's cold!" at length exclaimed the Doctor, by way of drawing attention to his forlorn condition.

"Hey! cold did you say?" answered one, carelessly; "yes, I should think likely it is, out in the street;" and he coolly gave his chair a hitch, in the unsuccessful effort to get it a *half inch* nearer the fire.

Now, Dr. Z., though one of the best hearted men in the world, is exceedingly irritable; and while as fond of a joke as Curran was, is known as a perfect dare-devil, capable of anything. After a moment's waiting he left the room, muttered something expressive of his private opinion as to the state of civilization in that town. Crossing the street to a store, he put neatly up a bundle, some four inches by two in size, in one corner of which he put about a spoonful of "Dupont's Best."

Re-entering the bar-room, he tipped the landlord a sly wink, and then, by a personal appeal, prevailed upon the most good-natured man of the group to move his chair momentarily, so as to admit Z. within the circle; a movement which the rest reproved instantly by looking daggers and bricks at the good-natured man.

Doctor Z., however, quietly turned his back to the fire, pulling his coat-tails aside, American fashion, and very composedly whistling Yankee Doodle.

At length some one chanced to remark—"Must be a good morning for rabbit hunting."

"Yes," said the doctor, catching eagerly at the very hint he had been waiting for; "yes, I should think so. I'm going myself, directly. Just bought a pound or two of first rate powder over the way here. Finest article I've seen in town."

And coolly taking out the package, he took off a corner, as if at random, and pouring upon his hand about a spoonful of the apparent contents, threw it upon the fire.

The explosion elevated some half-a-dozen of the circle (who had not noticed what he was doing) two or three inches from their chairs, and loud remonstrances followed against the repetition of any chemical experiments of that sort; while the landlord, who had got his cue, remarked:

"By George! you'd better blow a man's house up, hadn't you!"

"If you say much, I will," rejoined Z., in great apparent heat. "I'd just as soon pitch the whole two pounds into the fire as not."

"I'd like to see you," replied M., confidently.

"Do you dare me to do it?" shouted Z.

"Yes, I do," doggedly answered the landlord.

No sooner said than done. With a muttered remark about "taking a dare" from any man, Z. dashed the bundle among the blazing brands and sprang towards the door, followed by the landlord.

Heavens and earth, what a scattering! No one stopped to shove back his chair—everything turned a complete somerset; and gathering themselves up as quickly as they could disentangle arms and legs from the confused mass, everybody shot for the doors and windows, without stopping to look behind him.

One man, whose pluck had been tried on ordinary occasions, vanished through the back door jumped a five foot fence without breaking his trot, and was last seen streaking it down a back street, yelling murder at the top of his voice, and once in a while looking up backward, to dodge the falling timbers.

Another long-legged individual, who is built up like a pair of tongs, made but three strides across a sixty foot street, and headed up a lane, leaning forward at an angle of about 45 degrees, putting down his long spars like the buckets of a steamboat wheel, with his coat tails streaming behind him like the tail of a comet.

While one courageous citizen, perceiving both doors and windows hopelessly wedged, scrambled behind a door and commenced praying most devoutly; but being rather more familiar with any other sort of composition than the Lord's Prayer, he was heard vociferating in tones of most energetic devotion—

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.

To this day, if you talk of "rabbit hunting" to any of those concerned, he will take off his coat in two minutes.

# A Fine Poem.

## THE BALLAD OF ROU.*

FROM BULWER'S NEW NOVEL, "HAROLD."

1.

From Blois to Senlis, wave by wave, roll'd on the Norman flood,
And Frank on Frank went drifting down the weltering tide of blood;
There was not left in all the land a castle wall to fire,
And not a wife but wailed a lord, a child but mourned a sire.
To Charles the King, the mitred monks, the mailed barons flew,
While, shaking earth, behind them strode the thunder march of Rou.

2.

"Oh, King," then cried those barons bold, "in vain are mace and mail,
We fall before the Norman axe, as corn before the hail."
"And vainly," cried the pious monks, "by Mary's shrine we kneel,
For prayers, like arrows, glance aside, against the Norman steel."
The barons groaned, the shavelings wept, while near and nearer drew,
As death-birds round their scented feast, the raven flags of Rou.

3.

Then said King Charles, "Where thousands fail, what King can stand alone?
The strength of Kings is in the men that gather round the throne.
When war dismays my barons bold, 'tis time for war to cease;
When Heaven forsakes my pious monks, the will of Heaven is peace.
Go forth, my monks, with mass and rood the Norman camp unto,
And to the fold, with shepherd crook, entice this grisly Rou.

4.

"I'll give him all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to Eure,
And Gille, my child, shall be his bride, to bind him fast and sure;
Let him but kiss the Christian cross, and sheathe the heathen sword,
And hold the lands I cannot keep, a fief from Charles, his lord."
Forth went the Pastor of the Church, the Shepherd's work to do,
And wrap the golden fleece around the tiger loins of Rou.

5.

Psalm-chanting came the shaven monks, within the camp of dread;
Amidst his warriors, Norman Rou stood taller by the head.
Out spoke the Frank Archbishop then, a priest devout and sage,
"When peace and plenty wait thy word, what need of war and rage?
Why waste a land as fair as aught beneath the arch of blue,
Which might be thine to sow and reap?" Thus saith the King to Rou:

6.

"I'll give thee all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to Eure,
And Gille, my fairest child, as bride, to bind thee fast and sure;
If thou but kneel to Christ, our God, and sheathe thy paynim sword,
And hold thy land, the Church's son, a fief from Charles, thy lord."
The Norman on his warriors looked—to counsel they withdrew;
The saints took pity on the Franks, and moved the soul of Rou.

7.

So back he strode, and thus he spoke, to that archbishop meek:
"I take the land thy King bestows, from Eure to Michael-peak,
I take the maid, or foul or fair, a bargain with the coast,
And for thy creed, a sea-king's gods are those that give the most.
So hie thee back, and tell thy chief to make his proffer true,
And he shall find a docile son, and ye a saint in Rou."

8.

So o'er the border stream of Epte came Rou the Norman, where,
Begirt with barons sat the King, enthroned at green St. Clair;
He placed his hand in Charles' hand, loud shouted all the throng,
But tears were in King Charles' eyes—the grip of Rou was strong.
"Now kiss the foot," the bishop said, "that homage still is due;"
Then dark the frown and stern the smile of that grim convert, Rou.

He takes the foot, as if the foot to slavish lips to bring;
The Normans scowl; he tilts the throne, and backward falls the King.
Loud laugh the joyous Norman men—pale stare the Franks aghast;
And Rou lifts up his head, as from the wind springs up the mast:
"I said I would adore a God, but not a mortal too;
The foot that fled before a foe, let cowards kiss!" said Rou.

* Rou—the name given by the French to Rollo, or Rolf-ganger, the founder of the Norman settlement.

## NAPOLEON'S VETERANS.

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas, writing from Paris, describes the following scene:

A strange and ghostly spectacle came athwart our gay and busy streets, on the anniversary of the death of the Emperor Napoleon. The few remaining relics of that great army, sound and whole enough to walk, assembled beneath the columns of the Place Vendome, and repaired in procession to the Invalides, to celebrate mass in honor of his name. I cannot describe to you the effect of this assemblage of withered spectres, attired in the uniforms of the regiments to which they had belonged. It seems as if each had issued from the tomb, or risen from the battle-field, wherein they had once been left rotting in the sun or stiffening in the snow. The procession passed without exciting the slightest enthusiasm, the crowd followed it in silence and in awe. The church was hung with black, and the places round the altar reserved for the veterans of the Guard, of whom three-and-twenty yet remain. The celebrated *Hulan*, whose jaw was shot away in seeking to place himself before the Emperor, in a skirmish in Russia, acted as sacristan, and his "silver jaw bone," fresh polished for the occasion, shone and glittered in the sun, while the Mameluck Fendah, without legs, and in possession of but one eye, claimed the honor of holding the chief taper. Altogether, it was one of the most nervous and extraordinary ceremonies I ever witnessed.

# For the Young.

## RESOLUTION OVERCOMES OBSTACLES.

"The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets."—Prov. 22, 13.

Youth is naturally impatient. It has more courage than perseverance. It is prone to idolize genius, and to despise pains-taking, plodding industry. It wants to accomplish, in a short period, enterprises which require much time; and to effect, by one brilliant achievement, objects which cost others many painful efforts.

But this is contrary to the law of God's government. In the natural world, things do not come to maturity in a single day. The river must wind its long course—must struggle through mountains—and dash over cataracts, before it sleeps on the bosom of the ocean. The tree must bear the blasts of winter, and be often agitated by the tempest, before it spreads wide its branches, and enriches the earth with its fruits. The harvest does not wave its golden locks, the moment after the young grain springs forth from the ground. There is first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear.

So it is in the moral world. All that is great, and noble, and lasting, is the result of time, and persevering resolution. He who expects it will be otherwise, in his own case, will be miserably disappointed. He may have courage to grapple with the greatest difficulties, for a moment, but if he has not resolution to struggle with them as long as they stand in his path, he must be content with obscurity. If, because it is a long process to gain a reputation, and influence, and knowledge, he shrinks back from effort, and says, "There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets," he is not destined to fill a high station while he lives, or to be long remembered when he is dead.

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

TIMOUR, THE TARTAR.—There was no feature in the character of Timour more remarkable than his great *perseverance*. No difficulties ever led him to give up what he had once undertaken, and he often persisted in his efforts under such circumstances as led all around him to despair. He used, on such occasions, to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life. "I once," said he, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone for many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my observation on a little ant that was carrying a grain of corn, larger than itself, up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell *sixty nine* times to the ground; but the insect *persevered*, and the *seventieth* time it reached the top of the wall. This sight," said Timour, "gave me courage at the moment, and I have never forgotten the lesson it conveyed."

THE SCOTCH BOY.—Edmund Stone was born one hundred and thirty years ago, in Scotland. Edmund's father was gardener to the Duke of Argyle. This nobleman one day found on the grass a volume of *Newton's Principia*, in Latin; and when he made inquiries, learned that it belonged to young Edmund. He was much astonished to find that his gardener's son could read Latin, or understand mathematics. He said to him, "But how came you by a knowledge of all these things?" "A servant," said the youth, who was then in his eighteenth year, "taught me to read ten years ago. Does one need to know any more than the twenty-four letters, in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?" The Duke was still more surprised; he sat down upon a bank, and received from Edmund the following account:

"I first learned to read," said he, "when the masons were at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compass, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, when I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading I found that there were good books in these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood also, that there were good books of the same kind in French; I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my lord, is what I have done: it seems to me that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet." This man afterwards became well known as author, and published a number of mathematical works.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.—William Gifford, the late learned editor of the Quarterly Review, was first a sailor boy on a coal vessel, and then a shoemaker. He used to learn mathematics while he was making shoes; and having no pen or paper, he beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought his problems on them with a blunted awl. In the same way he used to write verses. He afterwards became one of the most celebrated scholars.—*Rev. Horace Hooker.*

# Selected Articles.

## REASONING POWERS OF THE DOG.

MR. EDITOR:—A vast amount of nonsense has been written, by *would-be philosophers*, in trying to deprive animals of the use and power of reason. The same operations, which they call reasoning in the human species, they call the results of instinct in the animal. Just as if the Almighty would not endow the animal with the power of reasoning, if that power were necessary, in any respect, to the purpose for which the animal was brought into existence. I will give you an instance of the actions of a dog, and leave these sages to give it what name they please.

Some years since, in the town of New Boston, New Hampshire, there was in a family a woman who was insane, a confirmed maniac. A partition was made by upright slats secured in the floor of the room, (which was the common living room of the family,) and a piece of timber overhead. Here she was constantly confined. A shower coming up, all the members of the family, women as well as men, went out in a field adjoining the house to assist in raking and getting in hay. A window was left open, and the dog was in the house—I believe, a full or cross of the Shepherd's dog.

The family had been baking, and had thrown a large quantity of coals from the oven into the large fire-place. The people in the field heard the dog barking and howling, and saw him jumping up to the open window, in such apparent distress and want of assistance, that they concluded that something was wrong at the house; they accordingly dispatched one of their number to see what the trouble was with the dog. The person came up, and looking in at the window, witnessed the dog's operations.

The mad woman had got out of her pen, and thrown the coals about the room. They set fire to the floor. The dog would get hold of the woman and pull her away from the fire-place; he would then brush the coals to the hearth with his paws, and put out the blaze on the floor, while he was doing this, the woman would get to the fire-place, and scatter out the coals again. Again he would pull her away, and then go to work to brush up the coals and put out the fire. But finding he had more work to accomplish than he could perform, the fire kindling in so many places, he gave notice at the window, and called for assistance.—The person entered the house, secured the woman, swept up the coals, put out the fire and returned to haying.

Now, instinct would have taught the dog to make his escape from a burning building; but knowing that this woman was crazy—knowing that she was doing mischief—knowing that she would burn the house—and finding that he could not manage the affair, but thinking that the sensible folks could, calling for their assistance, and giving them notice of the danger, looks very much like what these wise folks call Reasoning, or would look like it, if it had been done by a human being.—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

## AMERICAN REAL LIFE.

Many thousand farmers in New England and other States, rear large families, pay all their debts and taxes promptly, live independently, well clothed and comfortably housed and provided for, and lay up money, on farms of fifty acres. With them there is a place for everything, and every thing in its place. Their horses and cattle, tools and implements are attended to with clock like regularity. Nothing is put off till to-morrow, that can be done to-day. Economy is wealth, and system affords ease. These men are seldom in a hurry, except in harvest time. And in long winter evenings, or severe weather, which forbids employment out of doors, one makes corn brooms, another shoes, a third is a carpenter, cooper or tailor; and one woman spins, another weaves, and another braids "Palm leaf hats." And the families thus occupied are among the most healthy and cheerful in the world.

A rural life is not only the most happy and virtuous, but the most comfortable. Rural villages combining all necessary manufacturing employments, are the very soul of our Republic. A machine compact, cheap and simple for spinning in a family to equal the throstle or mule, and a loom for weaving, like Claussen's, in every farm house, would soon make an end to large cities. What does the most wealthy man get for all his riches, but food and clothing, and could clothing be made by some cheap and simple machine in every family, what great resources would every farmer of fifty acres possess within his own household.—*Scientific American.*

LOVE AND LAW.—A young lawyer, who had long paid his court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the power of love.

"It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the power of attorney."

"Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are solicitors."

## A SCENE IN A PARISIAN FEMALE CLUB.

The females of Paris, who are so very anxious to emancipate themselves from their imaginary bondage, and who have established a club for the purpose of raising funds to prosecute their enterprise, and discuss their rights; have as yet been rather unfortunate, as the movement does not appear to be very popular with the other sex, who attend their meetings, and by their disorderly proceedings break them up. Various means have been adopted to prevent this, but without success; and the last step was to raise the price of admission from twenty sous to two francs, and in order to induce a numerous attendance of the better class of men they presumed would be attracted, a notice was issued that at the next meeting the question of divorce would be discussed.

Seven ladies occupied the stand, three with their hair tastefully arranged and no bonnets; two wore bonnets of the most elegant description, and two had black hats. The session was opened after the manner of other public bodies, when a gentleman mounted the tribune, and produced a voluminous manuscript. Immediately some opposition was manifested.

"We don't want men," cried the malcontents.

The orator, however, proceeded with the first sentence of his discourse, but was compelled to give up, and quitted the tribune. Another one took his place, but shared a similar fate; and at length the Presidentess came forward, and there was profound silence. She stated that the order of the day announced several orators, and not one *oratrice*.

"It is an abuse of confidence," they shouted; "we are in a female club, and we want to hear females—down with the men."

Upon this, one of the bonnetted ladies came forward, and was loudly applauded. She severely rebuked the disturbers.

"Very good," they replied, "we take the lecture, but speak about divorce."

The lady threw at them a mingled look of indignation and contempt, and descended with a superb air worthy of Juno herself.

"Gentlemen," said another of the ladies, "we cannot satisfy you—we have not prepared a discourse."

"Never mind, go on."

"It is impossible, without preparation."

"We won't be particular—improvise."

The Presidentess again came forward. "Is there in this honorable society, a lady who wishes to speak on divorce."

There was profound silence—but at length the noise recommenced, and the Presidentess became so frightened, that she hurried off with her companions, and disappeared through a back door. The audience subsequently became so riotous that a company of "guard mobile" was called in, who dispersed them at the point of the bayonet.

The saloon in which the meetings were held has been given up, and the *Manege Fitte*, in the *Chaussee d'Antin* has been secured; but a commissary of police lately appeared there, and informed the Presidentess of the sad necessity of performing a painful duty; to invite her not to continue the exposition of her premature doctrines; whereupon Citizen Hippolyte Bonnelier ascended the tribune and protested energetically against this attempt to enchain liberty; but it was decided to suspend the meetings, and Mme. Niboyet, the Presidentess has declared, that for the future, no man will be admitted, unless they are accompanied by a mother or sister, so that those who are not blessed with such a relative, must be excluded.—*Island City.*

## A PARISIAN DEMOCRAT.

In one of those paradises of love, silk, gilding and tapestry, which, with so much genius, are created by architects, upholsterers and writers of romances—at that hour of tender melancholy when the veiled lamp throws only silvery rays over curtains and costly exotics—a couple, beautiful as Romeo and Juliet, recommenced, for one time more, the saying over, amid sighs and murmurs, their adorable nothings-at-all.

"It is true, then," said Juliet, passing her fingers, blue veins and all, through the blond curls of the young man, "it is indeed true that nothing on earth could make you cease to love me?"

"Oh—thrice oh, no!" cried the youth with a trembling voice, "not even despair, not even madness, not even crime."

"But—but"—hesitatingly enquired the charming one, "if I were to subject your love, now, to a terrible proof?"

"Speak! speak!" he said, "try me by whatever it be—I will undergo it without blenching or hesitation."

"Well, then," she resumed—"for it is anguish to have a secret from the half of one's soul—I have long ached to avow it to you, and I will do it now—for now I know that you love me."

(Here the task of the narrator becomes difficult.)

As the confiding accents died upon her lips—her lips of roses—Juliet opened wider that blushing vestibule to an inner gate of pearls—only somewhat whiter than pearls—and there, with profaning thumb and profaning finger, drew forth (now name it without rebellion in the ink) a false tooth! And instantly the flush of timidity and shame deepened to purple the vermilion of her cheeks.

Romeo's expressive countenance underwent a slight decrease of happiness, but, gathering himself together with a slight effort, he said: "Oh, my angel beloved! you were indeed capable of believing that for this—this addition—I could cease to love you?"

"And is it so? And now I can venture to tell you all? Oh, noble as beautiful, you have loved me for myself!"

And with the same hand, blanched and delicate, and with the grace of a fairy tipping a cupful from a drop of dew, Juliet took out, from her drooping lashes—an artificial eye!

The ardent lover fell into a profound reverie, and for some seconds sat in an uneasy silence. He then rose and took his hat.

"Oh, Heaven! what would you do?" exclaimed Juliet, with a convulsive sob.

Romeo stooped forward and kissed—gingerly—her snow white hand. "I bid you adieu," he said. "You see I am a true democrat, and it is necessary for me that woman should be, like the Republic—one and indivisible!"

## A CHAPTER OF DEFINITIONS.

LOVE.—The electric spark communicating between two human galvanic batteries.

FAITH.—The rock upon which knowledge is built.

POETRY.—The language in which the Book of Nature is written—those who can translate it are called poets.

TRUTH.—A moral diamond, upon which the file of falsehood wastes itself without making an impression.

WEALTH.—The sum which gives content, whether one dollar or a million.

HAPPINESS.—A butterfly, which, when pursued, seems always just beyond your grasp, but if you sit down quietly, may alight upon you.

RELIGION.—Light from Heaven, which, if we did not obscure it with a veil of sin, would disperse such radiance as would make it bliss to close our eyes to physical light for its enjoyment.

ROSES.—Evaporations from the minds of great men, condensed so as to be perceptible to the senses of the multitude.

LIFE.—A masked ball, where, in struggling through the crowd, and trying to penetrate the disguise of our neighbor, we are apt to forget our own parts, until the waning lights warn us of the time to depart.

EXPERIENCE.—A looking-glass, which we will not believe reflects our own destiny, until we have bought it.

HONOR.—A suit of armor, which cannot be too carefully guarded, for a breath may leave a stain beyond the power of man to remove.

BEAUTY.—A sun which dwells in the souls of all, but shining through different mediums, does not always throw the same light upon the same objects.

THOUGHT.—The telescope searchings of a mind not content with viewing the phases of life only in outline and from a distance.

CALUMNY.—A serpent, which, while striking its fangs into another, is silently coiling its folds around the propagator, ready to turn upon him.

HOPE.—A Phœnix singing upon its funeral pile.

## OBEYING ORDERS.

While lying in a Southern port some years since, the master of a vessel belonged to New England, smoked her out for the purpose of destroying rats. The next morning about a dozen of these long-tailed gentry were found and brought on deck.—Their fat and sleek appearance evinced that they had been well cared for by themselves, if not by others. The steward came aft, and pointing to the heap, inquired of the captain what should be done with them.

"Done with them?" responded the captain, who was something of a wag, "why, make them into a stew."

Nothing more was said by either party on the subject at the time. Several gentlemen had been invited on board to dine upon squirrels, which the captain and a friend, who was a good marksman, had "barked" the day before. Dinner was served up in good style, and the appetites of all did justice to the fare; but most of the party preferred them made into a stew of any other way.

"Steward," exclaimed the captain, as he was changing the dishes preparatory to setting on the pastry, "can't you give us just such a stew to-morrow? You know there are some of the squirrels left."

"Didn't make dat out ob squirrels, sir," replied the African, with a hesitating attempt to smile, but which was kept back by a slight tremor.

"What then?" inquired the captain, quickly.

"Why, sir, ob de rats, as you ordered me to."

## THOUGHTS ON READING DOMBEY AND SON.

FROM THE SALEM GAZETTE.

I.

Are these not pictures, ev'ry one, of Life?
Life with its trusting love, and small return—
Life with its business brow, and in-door strife,
Life with its cold calm looks, and thoughts that burn!
Life with its blessings and its curses spread,
Whose mem'ry gives not up at once its dead?

II.

Full many Skewtons now do walk the streets,
Whose painted beauties fade away at night;
And the gay sparkling Belle the stranger meets,
Scarce knows herself when she becomes a fright;
Seeking with gold and gems to hide decay—
Looking like withered leaf in death more gay!

III.

Full many a haughty one, with lofty tread,
Walketh like Edith 'neath her weight of woes!
Tears from day scornful eyes at night are shed,
When wealth's bought victim to her own heart goes—
Fain would her spirit bid its toys depart,
For one poor humble room, one faithful heart!

IV.

And Florence, with her priceless love held back
Like a pent fountain gushing to its brim,
No sun-beam gilding bright her childhood's track,
No smile, caress, nor look, bestowed by him!
And the short life with which her own was wound,
Finished so soon within its narrow bound!

V.

And Paul, the old in spirit, dreamy child,
Th' unconscious emblem of his father's wealth,
Seeking his better Father undefiled,
With soul undimmed by worldly thoughts of pelf!
Missed by his father for the *golden dreams*
Pent up in him, those fondly cherished schemes!

VI.

Full many a Carker with his shining teeth
(Perchance the Dentist's!) goeth smiling by,
Giving with silv'ry voice his bitter sweets,
While in his soul deceit and hatred lie!
And his poor victims are arraigned to bear
The shame of sin's dark robe he made them wear!

VII.

And gentle Harriet with smile and kiss,
Making the Penitent a pleasant home;
Giving his clouded life the only bliss
That through his sad remorseful hours could come.
As through a thick, dark cloud the sun doth break,
So fell her love his heart's sun-shine to make!

VIII.

While Cap'en Cuttle's rough brown hand, that grew
Soft in its kind attendance on Miss Floy,
And his poor eyes, tear-filled, that sorrow drew
By the remembrance of his loved, lost boy!
Hath mem'ry no such pictures to us given,
Forming in ev'ry sphere their peaceful Heaven?

IX.

Oh, Life! whose eye (save God's,) reads thee aright!
With all thy contradictions, joys and woes;
Th' exalted wrong, and the down trodden right;
Virtue despised, and pride that vaunting goes!
Who dares to doubt another life to come?
Who (loving this,) seeks not a *better home*?

ANNA.

## ANECDOTE WITH A MORAL.

### THE LAST OF THE MOHEGANS.

The Mohegans were an excellent tribe of Indians, who lived about Norwich, Connecticut.—They had a long line of Kings in the family of Uncas. One of the last was Zachary; but he was a great drunkard. But a sense of the dignity of his office came over him, and he resolved he would drink no more. Just before the annual election he was accustomed to go every year to Lebanon, and dine with his brother Governor, the first Governor Trumble. One of the Governor's boys heard old Zachary's story, and thought he would try him and see if he would stick to his cold water. So at table he said to the old chief—"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife, leaned forward, with stern intensity of expression, his black eye sparkling with indignation, was fixed upon him:—"John," said he, "you do not know what you are a doing. You are serving the devil, boy! I tell you that I am an Indian! and that if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to rum, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never tempt a man to break a good resolution."

This story the venerable Colonel Trumble tells of himself. Let all our readers remember it, and never tempt a man to break a good resolution.—*Exchange Paper.*

## A PRAYER.

*"Let Not the Sun Go Down Upon Your Wrath."*

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Father! forgive us!" is our daily prayer,
When the worn spirit feels its hapless dearth;
Yet in our lowly greatness do we dare
To seek from Heaven what we refuse on earth.
Too often will the bosom, sternly proud,
Bear shafts of vengeance on its graveward path;
Deaf to the teaching that has cried aloud,
"Let not the Sun go down upon your Wrath."

We ask for mercy from the God above,
In morning worship and in vesper song;
And yet so kindly shed the balm of love,
To heal and soothe a brother's deed of wrong.
If we would crush the bitter thorns of strife,
And strew the bloom of Peace around your path
If we would drink the sweetest streams of life,
"Let not the Sun go down upon your Wrath."

Were this remembered, many a human lot
Would find more blessings in our home below;
The chequered world would lose its darkest blot,
And mortal record tell much less of woe.
The sacred monitor of the Wise impart
No softer words in all that language hath;
For light divine is kindled where the heart,
Lets not the Sun go down upon its Wrath.

## POWER OF FIGURE 9.

Set any given line of figures so that they can be reversed and one substracted from the other, as per example:

756321
123657
——
632664

Now you may strike out any one of the figures in the last line, and by giving the remaining figures as they would then read, a person can tell the figure you have stricken out, without knowing what the sum was you set down to substract from, by the following process:—

The remainder, as above, is 632664; 2 being stricken out would leave 63664, which added together makes 25. Now divide this by 9:—

9)25(2
18
—
7

The remainder being 7, is to be substracted from the figure 9—leaves 2—the figure stricken out.—*Boston Journal.*

## CURIOUS EFFECT OF VIOLET RAYS UPON THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that if a ray of light of a violet color enter through a window in the neighborhood of a telegraphic needle, magnetism is immediately imparted. We understand that the scientific world is indebted to Mrs. Somerville, for the discovery of the fact that a magnet may be made by the agency of a ray of violet, probably first beaming from the orbit of the fair experimenter's own blue eyes; but, in reality, Mrs. Somerville has succeeded in converting a common sewing needle, by a simple process, into a magnet by the agency of a ray of violet. Professor Morse has also given attention to the subject. Finding that his telegraph needles were frequently out of order, from the effect of particular rays of light, he placed before them, in order to neutralize it, a sheet of yellow glass in front of the apparatus, which does not permit the violet rays to pass; and this he has found to have the desired effect.—*London Anecdotes.*

☞ The figures upon the magic porcelain of the Chinese are executed in such a manner that they are invisible when the vessels are empty, but become apparent when they are filled with water.

# Wit and Humor.

THE REPENTANT LOVER.—Dean ——, when residing on a living in the country, had occasion, one day, to unite a rustic couple in the bands of matrimony. The ceremony being over, the husband began "to sink in resolution," and falling (as some husbands might do) into a fit of repentance, he said,

"Your reverence has tied the knot tightly, I fancy; but, under favor, may I ask your reverence, if so be you could untie it again?"

"Why, no," replied the dean, "we never do that on this part of the consecrated ground."

"Where, then?" cried the man, eagerly.

"On that!" pointing to the burial ground.

THE NEW FASHION.—"What's the news, to-day?" inquired Mrs. Moreland, dropping her spectacles, as her husband came in.

"The reign of petticoats is over," was the reply. "I walked down Broadway, to-day," said Mr. M., "and didn't see a lady who wore more than four."

"La! Mr. Moreland, how you talk!—do you mean to intimate that all ladies are leaving off their petticoats?"

"Not all of 'em, I hope—only *about twelve out of sixteen*."

HARD TO GET OUT OF.—Somebody tells of a man who went to market to dispose of his cattle, which naturally led to a conversation on the very common theme of "hard times."

"Yes," said the cattle dealer, with an air of peevishness, "times are hard, and this is a hard world—and, in my opinion, very few will get out of it alive."

## TAKING A SHOWER BATH.

*Doctor.*—Well, how did your wife manage her shower bath, deacon?

*Deacon.*—She has had real good luck. Madame Mordy told her how she managed. She said she had a large, oiled silk cap, with a cape to it, like a fireman's, that came all over her shoulders, and—

*Doctor.*—She's a fool for her pains—that's not the way.

*Deacon.*—So my wife thought.

*Doctor.*—Your wife did nothing of the sort, I hope.

*Deacon.*—Oh, no, doctor, she used an umbrilly.

*Doctor.*—What, used an umbrella, what the mischief good did the shower bath do her?

*Deacon.*—She said she felt better. Her clothes weren't wet a mite. She sot under the umbrilly for half an hour, till all the water had trickled off, and said, 'twas cool and delightful, and just like a beetle shower bath in Summer. Then she took off her things; and rubbed herself for half an hour arter.

CAPITAL PUN.—A friend at Cambridge, speaking of Dr. Gilman's "Dudleian Lecture on the Evidence of Revealed Religion," delivered not long since, at Harvard, says:—"It was a splendid, cogent, scholarly discourse. In it the speaker alluded to the 'Vestiges of Creation,' and doubted the alledged production of winged insects from pulverized flint-stone by electricity, on the ground that the experiment had never been successfully repeated. A witty law friend instantly whispered a 'demurrer;' 'lor,' said he, 'the experiment has been made from time immemorial. Winged insects not produced from silicious stone! Why the Doctor's beside himself! Always, when the flint is struck by steel, it makes the Fire-Fly!'—The gentleman has since left Harvard!

A LARGE ONION.—"Do you call them large turnips?"

"Why, yes, they are considerably large."

"They may be so for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day."

"And how large was the onion?"

"Oh! a monster; it weighed forty pounds."

"Forty pounds?"

"Yes, and we took off the layers, and the sixteenth layer went completely round a demi-john that held four gallons!"

"What a whopper!"

"You don't mean to say that I lie?"

"Oh! no; what a whopper of an onion, I mean."

ACTING GERMAN.—"Look here, Sambo; you got that quarter dollar you owes me?"

"La, Cuff, no—money so scarce, so many stopperages in Mobile, there ain't no money in circulation."

"Oh sho, Sambo; what de nashun you go to do wid Mobile? Nigger, pay up, pay up."

"Well, look here, Cuff; I hear massa tell more dan twenty men dat same tale, and I ain't see no gemman treat him like you do me. Act like a gemman, if you is a nigger."—*N. O. Picayune.*

ADMINISTRATION ACCOUNTS.—The laws of Pennsylvania are said to be rather defective, as regards the administering of estates; at all events it is generally understood that not a few rich old gentlemen in nearly every county in the State were poor before they became administrators. One of those who had amassed quite a snug property, not long since, at a select party of his "upper ten" friends, asked a hopeful nephew of his what profession he intended to study.

"Don't 'zactly know," was the reply, "but I guess I'll learn to be an administrator, seeing as how you've got rich at it!"

ROOT AND BRANCH.—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to give an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations, many of whom were expected legatees in case of her demise. At one of these family gatherings, she exclaimed, in allusion to her numerous progeny and descendants—

"What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from the same root!"

"Alas!" sighed Jack Spencer, to a first cousin next him, "the branches would flourish better if the root was under ground!"

ONE OF 'EM.—"Bill, what's the meanin' of all that readin' on the red ribbon strung out of that old feller's mouth?" said an Illinois volunteer to a comrade, pointing to the motto "*E Pluribus Unum*" upon the scroll in the beak of the eagle on the flag of his company.

"I don't know 'zackly, Jake," said his companion in arms, "but I hearn the schoolmaster of our town say that it means *he's one of 'em!*"

A BOSTON BULL.—The Boston Times says:—"On Wednesday we shall issue a second edition, but no first edition."

This reminds us of an honest Hibernian who called at our office with an advertisement, the price of which, he was told, would be fifty cents for the first time, and twenty-five for the second. "Faith, then," said he, "an' I'll have it in the second time."—*Sun.*

REVENGE EXTRAORDINARY.—A wag having had a dispute with a man who kept a sausage shop, and owing him a grudge, ran into his shop, one day, as he was serving good customers, with an immense dead cat, which he quickly deposited on the counter, saying,—"This makes nineteen; as you are busy now, we'll settle some other time;" and he was off in a twinkling. The customers, aghast, soon followed him, leaving their sausages behind.

HORN'S LAST.—Walking with Horn, not long since, we observed a sign, warping and cracking from the heat and dryness of the weather. The wag took notice of the same, and immediately commenced surveying every sign in the vicinity, as if in perfect astonishment.

"What do you wonder at?" inquired we.

"Nothing," replied he, "only I have heard it said that '*all signs* fail in a dry time.'"

SUMPTUOUS DINING.—"Well, Sambo, have you got a good place?"

"Oh, yes, tank you, missus, lib berry fine now!"

"What did you have for your breakfast this morning?"

"Why, d'ye see, miss, a bile tree eggs for herself, and gib me da brosse." (broth.)

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—A stump orator out West, in speaking of the intention of the framers of the Constitution, said:—"Can it be supposed that it was the intention that the sweat of the toiling millions should be gathered into one vast reservoir, in order that the brokers should enjoy the exquisite pleasure of bathing in it?"

AN EXQUISITE BULL.—A Mr. Pollard, one of the Baltimore Reformed Drunkards, recently, in a speech before a temperance assemblage, made the following unique bull: "Fathers," exclaimed he, with the most ardent enthusiasm, "you have children; *or if you have not, your daughters may have.*"

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—When we look abroad over the great potatoe patch of the world, we see innumerable hills allied to overflowing with the very smallest kind of "taters," and a feeling of sadness comes over us at the thought that they'll never be any larger.

☞ "I'll tear your skin off, and scratch your eyes out," as the indignant old lady observed to the potatoes.

# For Housekeepers.

## OLD SCRAPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is nothing worse for the health, or for the palate, than a poor hash, while a good hash is not only a favorite dish in most families, but an essential article of economy and convenience. The following are the ways in which hashes are spoilt.—The first is by cooking them. Meat, when once cooked, should only be heated. If it is again stewed or fried, it tends to make it hard and tough, and diminishes its flavor. The second is by frying the butter or gravy in which they are prepared. It has been shown that this is very injurious to the healthfulness of food. Butter and oils may be melted without changing their nature, but when cooked they become much more indigestible and injurious to weak stomachs. The third mode of injuring hashes is by putting in flour in such ways that it is not properly cooked. Flour dredged on to hashes while they are cooking, generally imparts the raw taste of dough.

The fourth mode is by putting in so much water as to make them vapid, or else so much grease as to make them gross. The fifth is by seasoning them with so little care, that they either have very little savory taste, or else are so hot with pepper and spice as to be unhealthy.

If a housekeeper will follow the directions that will be given in regard to hash, or give them to a cook who will follow them exactly, she will always have good and healthful hashes.

### TO PREPARE A VEAL HASH.

Take a tea-cup of boiling water in a sauce-pan, and mix in an even teaspoonful of flour, wet with a spoonful of cold water, and let it boil five minutes. Then add not quite a teaspoonful of black pepper, as much salt, and two great spoonfuls of butter, and set it where it will keep hot, not boil. Chop the veal very fine, and mix with it, while chopping, half as much stale bread crumbs. Put it in a tin pan and pour the gravy on to it, and let it heat on a stove or trivet ten minutes. Toast some bread and cut it into triangular pieces and lay it on the bottom of a dish. Spread the hash over and pour on the gravy. Cut slices of lemon to lay on the top and around the edge of the dish. If you like a seasoning of sweet herbs with this hash, the nicest way is to tie some in a rag and boil it in the water of the gravy when you first mix it.

### A NICE ARTICLE TO USE FOR GRAVY OR SOUP.

Take butter the size of an egg, add a tablespoonful of sugar, put it in a skillet, and stir it till a dark brown, then dredge in flour, and use it to darken gravy or soup.

# Agricultural.

## CULTURE OF GRAPES.

As the time of fruit eating, from the strawberry to the codlin, is near at hand, and as many of our readers, when they come to the eating of the almost worthless productions of our native grape vines, will then, if not now, wish they had something better, we intend in this, and in a few subsequent numbers, to call their attention to the subject of grape culture, in hopes to convince them that it requires but very little labor, and still less expense, to provide themselves and their families with an abundant supply of this most delicious fruit. There are several excellent varieties of the grape, so hardy that they will stand, with very little protection, the severest weather of the Northern States, while they are equally adapted to Southern latitudes, even to the very borders of the Gulf of Mexico. Among these we rank first the Catawba and Isabella. These grapes, good and well established vines of which may be had at almost any of our nurseries at 20 cents each, and frequently for half that sum, will, if properly planted, a process requiring according to circumstances from ten to sixty minutes to each vine, yield after two years from twenty to one hundred bunches of grapes on a vine, every bunch of which, in a man's family, is worth the first cost of the stock.

We know not how it is,—we cannot account for it—that men reside year after year on their farms and never plant a vine. Some never plant a tree. A grape vine is certainly a small matter, and yet we know of one—a single one, the fruit of which has sold for seventeen dollars in one year—seventeen dollars—the price of one hundred and thirty-six bushels of corn at 12½ cents per bushel—or thirty-four bushels of wheat at its ordinary price. Now how much labor would be spent in the production of each. Now much more on the corn or wheat than on the vine—twenty times at least.

It is a common excuse for not planting fruit trees that it takes them a long time to bear. Not so with the grape, certainly. There are vines in this city, which were not in existence three years last March, and which are now loaded with—the promise of fruit. Ask their owners how much money they have cost? perhaps 25 cents each;—how much labor? thirty minutes;—how much land do they occupy? a square yard, or probably less;—what will they sell the mere promise of fruit for? and they will tell you as one of them told the writer—"not for fifty times the original cost." And this, too, by men who love money as well, and need it as much as any of us. Then why do not others do the same thing,—plant a vine, two, five, or twenty of them? We ask them again why they do not? They "don't know."

One of the benefits of fruit, and particularly of grapes in a family, is, that it contributes to health. Let us ask our readers, do you know—have you ever known a family well supplied with fruit, grown on their own premises, that was a sickly family?

Who are most certain to get bilious—those who eat freely of fruit, or those who live on greasy pork? Why is it, we may ask, that new settlements, in our Western country, are usually so sickly? Is it altogether owing to new soil, new lands—miasma and other causes inherent in the soil?—or is it not, reader, in some very considerable degree, attributable to the great abundance, and too free use, of "hog and hominy?" Greasy meats, and we may add—for it is sometimes a fact, equally greasy bread, for we have found in our travels, those who mix up so much grease in their corn bread that it is difficult to distinguish which predominates, lard or meal.

Fruit—the free use of fruit will yet change the character of our people, and the sooner we go about its cultivation, individually, as well as collectively, so much the better for us all.

In conclusion, for the present, let each one, who has a square yard of spare ground, resolve, every time he sees or tastes the luscious production of the vine during the coming Summer and Autumn, resolve to have with the lapse of only a year or two, a supply for himself, the product of his own industry. As the politicians say, we intend to keep this subject before the people; and we intend to do it now and during the Summer and Fall, in fruit season, that we may the more easily tantalize them into the resolution to "plant trees,"—and vines, too. It shall not be our fault if pork and potatoes is hereafter their only fare, instead of strawberries and cream and other such like luxuries.—*Iowa Farmer's Advocate.*

## HOW TO HOLD YOUR LINES.

Next time you hitch your horses to the plough, instead of fastening your lines to the handles, put them over your head (as many others do) and let them pass round your neck. But you say you don't belong to the "stiff necked generation." Glad of it, and I don't want you *should*: so put one arm over and let the other line rest on your shoulder. But that don't work right, it presses the neck on one side, stops the circulation of the blood chafes the face, &c., yet you think it the best method you know of. Well, try *once* more—put your other arm through, and let the lines drop to your waist; or, if you choose them not so low, tie a knot in the lines at the right place and throw the loop back over your shoulders, which will keep the lines just where you wish them. If your horse "bears hard on the bit," all the better, for he helps you along—and instead of being pulled in the form of the "invincible Armada," by having the horse hitched to your neck or shoulders, you can now walk straight and easily—and if you wish to take the lines they are right at your hands and not up by your head. Try it one half hour, and then if you do not like it, don't quit and say you are not "used to it," but try it all day, and you *will* be "used to it," and like it, too.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

## HOW TO CATCH HAWKS.

The following ingenious method for destroying these pests to the farmer, is given by S. Webb, Esq., of Waldo county, (Me.,) in a late number of the Belfast Republican:

"Erect a pole, twelve or fifteen feet high, in a place where there will not be anything else near for them to light upon, and upon it set a common fox trap, on which they will alight. A strong rat trap will answer the purpose, by tying it on the pole lengthwise, with the jaws raised above the end, the pole being a little leaning, so that the jaws will not fall together. When one hawk is taken, tie it on the ground near the pole, and its mate will be in the trap in a short time. The season is near for the hawks to re-appear, and if farmers do not wish to have their chickens destroyed by them, they will do well to adopt this method of putting a stop to their depredations."

## NOVEL EXPERIMENT WITH THE POTATO.

*Productions of New Varieties by the Root.*

*Mr. Bateham*:—I noticed in an Eastern paper the manner of producing new varieties of potatoes from the ball, but I have never seen any directions for producing them from the tuber. This can be done—but nature is the chief workman. Most farmers that raise the Pinkeye potato, have noticed the pink or bluish color of the eyes extending in streaks and blotches over more or less of the surface of the potato. These blue spots, with an eye, can be made to produce a blue variety perfectly distinct from the original pinkeyes.

While digging pinkeyes in the fall of 1841, I noticed a large potato with a blue spot covering nearly one half of its surface. This potato I put away in the cellar for experiment in the spring, when I cut it as nearly as I could between the blue and white, cutting out and throwing away the eyes on the edges, in which the colors were mixed, then cutting each part into several pieces, and planting each color in a hill by itself. The result was, the white part produced thirteen white potatoes and one blue one, and the blue one produced ten blue ones. From these ten blue potatoes, I have made my whole crop, and for four years have made not the least "shadow of turning" pinkeye again. By what freak of nature this result was produced, or by what formula in the science of vegetation it can be explained, others more skilled in the science perhaps can answer.

QUERY.—Does the potato possess such power that when it is deficient in some quality, or obtains an excess of some property, it can throw out a new variety more vigorous and productive? I have raised potatoes side by side, parent and offspring, and the latter exceeds the former in growth of vine and yield of tuber.

Does the potato, in forming new varieties, take a darker color for the new variety? I have two other varieties, one from the meshannock, and the other from the peach blow; they are both much darker colored than the old ones.

J. H. NILES.

*Huron County, O., March, 1848.*

REMARKS.—We know that many persons are of the opinion that potatoes will mix by the root, so as to produce new varieties, when several kinds are planted together; but we have never seen any demonstration of this hypothesis, and we do not believe the thing possible.

The experiment described by friend Niles is of an entirely novel kind—we never have heard of read of a similar one—and the result, as stated, appears to us very remarkable. We know of no principle or law of vegetable physiology that will account for it: and we are inclined to think there must be some mistake about it. At any rate, we hope there will be many experiments of the kind tried the present season, and the result made known.—ED.

*Ohio Cultivator.*

FINE COW.—One of our agents says he saw a cow, owned by Mr. C. Straw, of Unity, N. H., which yielded one hundred and seventy-seven and a half pounds of butter last season in addition to the milk that the family used. She is of pure native blood.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

# The Olio.

THE SUBJECT OF "RESERVED MEN."—I think a woman has never such a chance to make a friend. Treated with delicacy and his secret kept, a refused lover, if he is a man of sense, will always feel a most tender interest in the woman he has once made up his mind to give his life to, and (more valuable result still,) his feelings towards her will be of a deferential and half-reproachful character, which will give his future attentions that subdued respectfulness which the world interprets as the involuntary tribute to goodness. A superior woman usually has occasion—for some reason which does not affect his capabilities as a friend—to refuse at least one man whom she could all but love; and this is the secret of that *devoted friendship without intimacy*, which often exists wholly unsuspected by those around, and, in the viewless link of which, between herself and a man whom she perhaps seldom sees, a noble woman, often through her whole life, takes a thoughtful pleasure, brightening it with an understood smile or word, whenever chance gives her the opportunity. There are secrets all around us, "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," and none who have been lovely are too good to have at least one such as I speak of.

NUTMEG TREE.—The nutmeg tree flourishes in Singapore, near the equator. It is raised from the nut in nurseries, where it remains until the fifth year, when it puts forth its blossoms, and shows its sex. It is then set out permanently. The trees are planted thirty feet apart, in diamond order—a male tree in the centre. They begin to bear in the eighth year, increasing for many years, and they pay a large profit. There is no nutmeg season. Every day of the year shows buds, blossoms, and fruit, in every stage of growth to maturity. The ripe fruit is singularly brilliant. The shell is glossy and black, and the mace it exposes when it bursts is of bright scarlet, making the tree one of the most beautiful objects of the vegetable world.

GRAVITY OF BREAKFAST.—Whether breakfast is the most serious and silent meal because it is first, or because it is soberest, it is difficult to say; but it does generally pass without much talk that is worth recording. Punsters very seldom pun at breakfast, and the narrators of long winded stories are at that time more sparing of their tales. There is then seldom any argumentative discussion or any play of wit. Breakfast is altogether a matter of business, an affair of life and death—because, if people did not break their fast, they could not live. Dinner is quite another thing; that is, more a matter of pleasure than of business; and they who speak of the pleasures of the table, are supposed to allude to dinner, and not to breakfast.

NOVEL.—The proprietor of a large manufactory, which, perhaps, it would be improper to designate, has organized a complete military *corps* from among his workmen. They parade semi-occasionally, and go on a target excursion "once in a while," the prize for the best shot being the gift of the employer. This is all very well. It is more than "very well"—it is admirable. The employer gains all that these excursions and parades cost him, in the extra work consequently done by his hands, *i. e.*, by the hands of his employees, and the workmen are benefitted in mind and health by the recreation so generously afforded them.

NOBLE DESCENT.—The modern *noblesse*, who boasts of possessing conical, small and pointed hands, and at the same time claim a descent from the hard, spatular-handed race of the ninth and tenth centuries, claim what is incompatible, and therefore impossible. Every gentleman really and lineally descended from the "*noblesse* of the sword" must of necessity have the spatular hand. If, on the contrary, his hand be fine and pointed, he must trace his origin to the cloisters—the monks and the abbes.—*M. d'Arpentigny*, (*Medical Times.*)

GUTTA PERCHA.—What is it? This question is asked by thousands who have heard the name. It is a gum, similar to that of the Caoutchouc or India Rubber, but susceptible of more varied uses. It is thicker and heavier. Hose and gas pipes, boot and shoe soles, book bindings, canes, buckets, bags, cloaks, coats, and various other articles are made of it; and altogether, it may be considered the most valuable vegetable gum ever discovered.

A GOOD MAN—a real Christian—seldom sees a defect in his neighbor. A pure lake reflects the beautiful sky, the clouds, and the overhanging trees, but when it is ruffled it reflects nothing that is pure. A bad man—a real scoundrel—seldom sees a good trait in the character of his neighbor. An imperfect glass reflects nothing correctly, but shows its own deficiency. A perfect mirror reflects nothing but bright and pure images.

BOATMAN.—Do you take Gallipolis money for wood?

*Woodman.*—Y-e-s.

*Boatman.*—How will you exchange?

*Woodman.*—C-o-r-d for c-o-r-d.

The boatman hauled over the "bard," for the reason that he hadn't quite a cord of the "rags," raised the steam, and went ahead.

☞ C—— B—— employed his tailor to make him a pair of small clothes, and sent him an old pair as a pattern. When the new ones came home, C—— complained that there was no watch pocket. "I did not think you wanted one," said the tailor, "since I found the pawn-ticket of your watch in the old pocket!"

☞ Leaves are light, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing, He has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.

☞ Zeno, of all virtues, made his choice of silence; "for by it," said he, "I hear other men's imperfections and conceal my own."

# The Riddler.

## ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 14, 7, 18, 13, 10, is a town in Asia.
My 2, 5, 17, 16, 19, is a town in Ohio.
My 3, 19, 4, 16, 6, is a town in Europe.
My 4, 15, 16, 6, 7, 25, is a river in the United States.
My 5, 2, 9, 11, 24, 14, is a town in England.
My 6, 24, 17, 20, 19, 13, 14, is a town in Africa.
My 7, 17, 8, 22, 6, is a river in Asia.
My 8, 4, 1, 6, 8, 24, 17, is a town in Europe.
My 9, 2, 24, 15, 9, 4, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 10, 13, 17, 15, 9, 6, is a town in France.
My 11, 4, 16, 24, 6, 15, is a town in Austria.
My 12, 1, 8, 7, 20, 13, is a town in Arabia.
My 13, 2, 23, 12, is a town in Africa.
My 14, 24, 8, is a river in the United States.
My 15, 21, 14, 7, 23, is a town in Italy.
My 16, 20, 8, 22, 6, is a river in Asia.
My 17, 19, 10, 11, 1, 6, is a town in Europe.
My 18, 16, 5, 10, 17, 12, is a town in Austria.
My 19, 8, 1, 20, is a town in Arabia.
My 20, 7, 6, 12, 5, 6, is a town in Europe.
My 21, 4, 22, 10, 25, is a town in Austria.
My 22, 12, 1, 10, is a town in Sweden.
My 23, 13, 16, 6, 7, 25, is a river in the United States.
My 24, 19, 6, 11, is a cape in Asia.
My 25, 13, 17, 11, 2, 6, is a town in Europe.
My whole is a distinguished American Statesman.

H. H. TABER.

## CHARADE.

When night brings on her solemn hour,
And silence reigns in awful power,
Then mortals to my first repair,
And bid adieu to toil and care;
My next's for various use designed,
Yet oft my first you there will find;
Within my whole you seek repose,
Forgetting life and all its woes.

## RIDDLE.

I'm seen at your dinner; if I were not there,
But meanly provided your board would appear;
You seldom invite me to coffee or tea,
But never, I'm sure, take your wine without me.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

John, Frank and Charles are living in respect to each other in the form of a scaline triangle; John is living 70 perches from Frank; Frank is living 70 perches from Charles, and Charles is living 60 perches from John. Now, they have a Church between them, to which they all three have equal distance. I wish to know the distance any of them has to go to meeting.

D. D.

## CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is being in prison like an ink spot?
Ans.—It is hard to get out.

☞ Why is a fool like a very large sack?
Ans.—He is a butt.

☞ Why is a bad epigram like a blunt needle?
Ans.—It has no point.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CHARADES.—Justice.—Nosegay.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
Length 47 Perches.
Breadth 43 Perches.